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Contents

The Week 255

Editorials

Mr. Hoover and the Power Issue 257
Two Bankers on the Depression 258
Americanizing the Moros 260

General Articles

Hard-boiled Radicalism ..... George Soule 261
Sigil (verse) ..... "H. D." 265
Danville, Virginia ..... Sherwood Anderson 266
Two American Boys in the U. S. S. R. ..... David and Robin Kinkead 268
Henceforth, from the Mind (verse) ..... Louise Bogan 270
Two Chicago Fairs ..... Lewis Mumford 271
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 272
Schools for Artists ..... Stark Young 273

Correspondence 275

Reviews of Books

Arabs, North and South ..... William B. Seabrook 276
The Legalism of the Law ..... Walton H. Hamilton 277
A Philosophy of Science ..... Hyman Rosen 278
Paying Through the Nose ..... James Rorty 279
Bluegrass Lancelots ..... Howard Coxe 280
Book Notes 280

The Week

THE other day Mr. Seward Prosser and other members of the Emergency Employment Committee in New York went to Mayor Walker and said that the funds they had been able to raise from private sources were insufficient to meet the need, and that the city should appropriate $10,000,000 to extend and carry on the work they had started to prevent starvation from unemployment this winter. Mr. Walker doubted whether the city had the legal right to do so. What does this incident do to President Hoover's statement that "the spirit of voluntary service has been strong enough to cope with the problem for the past year and it will, I am confident, continue in full measure to the end"? What does it do to Mr. Walter F. Gifford's statement that the best and the "typical American way" of relieving the unemployed is for "individuals and groups to come forward of their own initiative and help through the medium of welfare agencies with their trained and experienced personnel"? What does it do to the desire and intention of all the leaders of this Committee to avoid "the dole"? If an emergency appropriation from the city treasury to be passed out to the unemployed is not a dole, we do not know what is.

AMERICAN commentators who oppose unemployment insurance are constantly holding up England and Germany as horrible examples. For instance, The New York Herald Tribune recently stated that "experience in both cases has proved that such insurance rapidly degenerates into a dole, which imposes an ever heavier burden on the taxpayer while progressively demoralizing its beneficiary." Such insurance "destroys the habit of enterprise and industry." The worker will not move to other places or emigrate to new lands. "Both employer and employee show stouter resistance to that readjustment which the development of a machine technique imposes on both." The British and German systems undoubtedly have faults, which we believe are remedied in the best drafts of proposed laws in this country. But such statements as the above demand challenge. We should like The Herald Tribune to answer a few relevant questions. What British or German authority of any standing, whether in economics or politics, would abolish unemployment insurance? What authority regrets its establishment? What evidence is there that an unemployed worker who receives insurance is deprived by that insurance of any habit of useful enterprise and industry which he would not have lost through unemployment alone? Are migration from New York to Detroit, or from Detroit to New York, or from England to Canada, remedies for world-wide unemployment? Do employers who do not bear any burden for supporting their unemployed workers have a stronger incentive to modernize their methods than those who are compelled to bear such a burden? Does The Herald Tribune propose to let the unemployed starve? If not, why does it prefer doling out charity to them by haphazard and wasteful methods, instead of applying systematic, regularized unemployment insurance?

THE Pope's encyclical "On Christian Marriage," addressed to the "Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other local Ordinaries enjoying peace and communion with the Apostolic See," is not easy reading for the non-Catholic layman. It is soberly written, firmly constructed, rich in quotations from the Church Fathers; but it is

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also voluminous, heavy and dull. Only when it deals with modern attacks on the Catholic ideal of marriage does it rise to heights of abusive eloquence. The Pope, after discussing at great length the blessings of marriage according to St. Augustine—"offspring, conjugal faith and the sacrament"—goes on to confound the enemies of all three. Foremost among them are the proponents of birth control, against whom he proclaims that "any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin." This is true even when the mother's health and life are imperiled "in the performance of the duty allotted to her by nature"; we may pity her, but that is all.

THOSE who support the emancipation of women are guilty of attacking conjugal faith: they "do not scruple to do away with the honorable and trusting obedience which the woman owes to the man." Marriage as a sacrament is threatened partly by those who fight for liberalized divorce laws and partly by those who believe in experimental or companionate unions—"hateful abominations which beyond all question reduce our truly cultured nations to the barbarous standards of savage peoples." All these proposals must be combated with the full power of the Church—yes, and of the State as well. "For now, alas, not secretly or under cover, but openly, with all sense of shame put aside, now by word, again by writings, by theatrical productions of every kind, by romantic fiction, by amorous and frivolous novels, by cinematographs portrayed in vivid scenes, addresses broadcast by radio telephony, in short by all the inventions of science, the sanctity of marriage is trampled upon and derided."

THAT the editors of The New Republic, like most Americans, disagree fundamentally with the principles advanced by the Pope is a fact that goes without saying. The reasons for this disagreement have been often expressed and need not be repeated here. We are more interested at present in the effect of the Pope's encyclical on non-Catholic Americans. That it will have such an effect is not to be doubted. The Pope is addressing himself not merely to the dignitaries of his Church, but also to those who guide the State. Time and again he calls on "those who hold the reins of government" to preserve and enforce the laws against birth control, to make divorce more difficult (or preferably impossible), to coöperate with the ecclesiastical authorities "in order that through the united activity and energy of both powers, the tremendous evils may be checked which menace civil society as well as the Church." And our rulers, civil and ecclesiastic, will not be deaf to this appeal. The Catholic Church is a minority in this country, but in many states it holds a veto power; it can turn elections; many Protestant legislators are afraid to vote against its wishes. It cannot impose its ideals of marriage on non-Catholics; it has not succeeded in preventing Catholics themselves from practising birth control. It can, however, support the hypocrisy of the New York divorce laws and the farce of our national laws against distributing birth-control information. It can help to preserve that opposition between law and custom which is one of the most dangerous features of our present civilization.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, The New Republic discusses the dispute between Mr. Hoover and the Senate over the Power Commission. It should be observed as a footnote to that discussion that Secretary Wilbur has now "taken care of" Mr. F. E. Bonner, who recently resigned as secretary of the Power Commission, by giving him a place in the Reclamation Service. Mr. Bonner's record with the Power Commission ought by now to be familiar to New Republic readers. From first to last, he played the game of the private power companies; from first to last he sought to prevent real enforcement of the Water Power Act, and to hamstring the efforts of Messrs. Russell and King to have it enforced. When he resigned, a few weeks ago, it was whispered in Washington that his resignation was part of a scheme to make the dismissal of Russell and King seem a little less malodorous, by having it appear that all the men who "could not get along together" were leaving simultaneously. Secretary Wilbur's action in putting Bonner back on the pay roll, while leaving Russell and King to shift for themselves, looks ominously like a confirmation of these rumors. If the late secretary of the Commission acts in his new job as he did in his old one, Heaven help the Reclamation Service!

EVERYONE interested in making America a better place to live in should welcome the news that the Senate has passed the Jones bill, which is in substance the old Sheppard-Towner Act for coöperation between the states and the federal government in reducing infant and maternal mortality. The government would appropriate $1,000,000 annually to be used in this way. Opponents of the bill have advanced many arguments against it, but they have never been able to explain away the drop in the death rates which occurred when the Sheppard-Towner Act was in effect. The Jones bill is in one respect better than the old law, in that it is not limited to a definite period, and would therefore continue in effect until repealed. The measure now goes to the House, where it has a good chance of passage, with the probability that in conference it will be combined with the measure giving similar aid, in increasing annual amounts up to a maximum of $3,000,000, for promoting health in rural districts. We are glad to report that it also seems probable that the work in regard to infancy and maternity will continue to be done under the able direction of Miss Grace Abbott through the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor.

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FOR almost a year various investigations into graft and corruption have been going on in New York City, yet except for the fact that a few Tammany leaders have been reduced to tears and a few magistrates given what the French call *un mauvais quart d'heure,* the various investigators cannot boast of any great success. However, the resolution recently introduced in the state legislature providing for a sweeping investigation not only of the New York City administration and the local courts but even of the state supreme court is the final materialization of a threat which the Republican majority in the state legislature has been making during the past year. There seems a strong likelihood that the resolution will be passed, for Governor Roosevelt himself has in a measure given his approval of an investigation if the Assembly will assume complete responsibility for it.

Mr. Hoover and the Power Issue

THERE are two questions involved in the dispute between President Hoover and the Senate over the Federal Power Commission. Mr. Hoover has tried to treat them as one, but it is important that they should be separated and considered independently. In order to distinguish between them, it is necessary to recall just what has happened.

Since 1920, the United States has had a Federal Water Power Act, with important duties in regard to hydroelectric power leases. The original act made the Secretaries of War, Agriculture and the Interior the members of the Commission; but it speedily became apparent that the matter was too important to be left as a spare-time job for these members of the Cabinet. After years of agitation which came from many quarters (including The New Republic) Congress last summer passed a new law setting up a separate commission with five members. Mr. Hoover in December sent in as his nominees the names of Dr. George Otis Smith, director of The Geological Survey; Claude L. Draper, Cheyenne, Wyoming, a member of the state Public Service Commission; Marcel Garsaud, New Orleans, Louisiana, a civil engineer and former manager of the New Orleans Port Commission; Ralph B. Williamson, Yakima, Washington, an attorney, and Frank R. McNinch, Charlotte, North Carolina, also an attorney.

The all-important question about these men, of course, was and is, to what extent are they subservient to the private power interests? This is important not only because of their present serious responsibilities, but because they may later be given additional powers in regard to a national development of the utmost importance. The United States is undergoing a rapid growth of hydroelectric power. "Pools" of power are being set up which treat large regions, composed of numerous states, as a single unit. Transmission lines are being constructed which, once they have been located, will be enormously difficult to alter. A fair parallel is the two decades during and immediately following the Civil War, when the nation's railroads were laid down. No one will ever know how many hundreds of millions of dollars of potential or actual wealth were then lost through the unplanned, unscientific, haphazard location of the railroads; no one can ever estimate the terrific cost to the country of the strangle hold which these lines got on scores of communities and even states. The question as regards hydroelectric power goes far beyond merely saving to users of electricity the many millions of dollars they now pay out in exorbitant profits; it is one which is intertwined with the whole question of an intelligently planned economic basis for our civilization.

From the moment Mr. Hoover submitted the names of his nominees, the progressives in Congress realized that it was doubtful whether they were the vigilant, aggressive watchdogs of the public welfare needed to carry on the fight against the predatory power interests. But while their examination before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce was unsatisfactory, it was so inconclusive that the Senate progressives did not feel justified in fighting the nominations, and accordingly confirmed them on December 20. How serious an error this was, they realized three days later.

On December 22, three of the five Commissioners were sworn in—Messrs. Smith, Garsaud and Draper—and they promptly proceeded to show where their allegiance lay. On their very first day in office, they dismissed two of the Power Commission's most useful men, Chief Accountant William V. King and Solicitor Charles A. Russell. Afterward, when the storm had broken, a contemptible attempt was made to pretend that their dismissal was only a technical matter, to be met by their filing an application for reappointment. But, in fact, although every other employee of the Commission is to be taken back, Smith and Russell are not, if the three Commissioners and Secretary Wilbur and the power trust can help it. Mr. Smith, who was made chairman, explained that they were dismissed because of "disharmony" in the offices of the Commission. They couldn't get along with the Executive Secretary F. E. Bonner, who resigned a few weeks ago and has not been reappointed.

What was the nature of their "disharmony"? Thanks chiefly to the patient researches and able pamphleteering of Judson King, director of the National Popular Government League, the facts in this matter are now fairly well known. Mr. Bonner, during his term in office, showed a conspicuous desire to interpret the law in every possible case to favor the private power interests. He wanted, for instance, to accept any and all statements of the power companies as to their "actual, legitimate original cost" of construction of plants

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—an important factor in determining the rates which may be charged for power. He did not care how dilatory the companies were in making their reports, and indeed, for ten years the government has let the power interests postpone indefinitely the statements on which rate structures ought to be based. The law permits private companies, in certain cases which are of negligible importance, to operate under so-called "minor leases," and when this is done, much of authority of the Power Commission to regulate is waived. When the Appalachian Power Company, a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share, of New York, tried to sneak out from under the regulatory provisions by getting a "minor lease" permit for an 80,000-horsepower site on the New River, in Virginia and West Virginia, Mr. Bonner was wholeheartedly in favor of this outrageous violation of the spirit of the law. He sided with the power interests against the Commission itself on the refusal of the private companies to open their books, he produced uncandid annual reports of the Commission, he permitted the companies to pad their valuations to the extent of millions of dollars—and so on.

Against these activities, Messrs. Russell and King set their faces. King, as chief accountant, has dug up instance after instance—he revealed twenty-seven to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce—where the power interests have padded their statement of actual investment to the extent of many millions of dollars. Russell, as solicitor, fought the scheme to circumvent the statute with "minor leases," even though Bonner told him it was his business to find a way around the law. Again and again these two men, practically alone against the whole administration, have fought in the public interest. When they were dismissed, therefore, it was no mere discharge of a couple of trouble makers. The trouble they were making was directed against predatory private capital, and was in the interest of the country. It was because the Senate progressives were well aware of these facts that the vote was taken to reconsider the confirmation of Smith, Garsaud and Draper.

Whether or not the Senate acted legally in requesting the President to return the names to them is a complicated legal question on which laymen can hardly pass. The Senators contended that they had the power to do this within two legislative days, and because of the Christmas recess this time limit had not expired. It is also contended that the Senate has the right to make its own rules, and that it can modify these rules, either as to reconsideration of nominations or anything else, at any time. It now seems likely that Comptroller McCarl will withhold the pay of the three Power Commission members, and thereby open the way for a court adjudication on the legality of their holding office.

But this is not the crucial issue. The most important matter is the relation of Mr. Hoover to the whole affair. If he had been content merely to deny the right of the legislative branch to dismiss officials of a commission, he would have had a better case. But the President made a grave political blunder by going on to discuss the qualifications of the Commissioners and the merits of their action in dismissing Russell and King. In a violent public statement, he insisted that the three Commissioners are "outstanding public servants," who have "unique fitness" to serve on the Power Commission. Russell and King he dismisses as "two subordinate officials," and again repeats the myth about the "long continued bickerings and controversies." The answer to these contentions we have already indicated. The record shows that Smith, Garsaud and Draper are *not* outstanding public servants. The record also shows that Russell and King have performed a magnificent work in the public interest, and that the "bickerings and controversies" consisted, and consisted solely, in their attempts to enforce the Water Power Act against the opposition of Secretary Bonner, and of the whole Hoover administration.

Mr. Hoover, when he insists on the prerogatives of the executive branch, thereby assumes responsibility for the behavior of his subordinates. It is his duty to see that they perform their duties in the public interest. Yet we find the men he has chosen for the Power Commission, on their first day in office, acting precisely as they would have done if they had been taking orders from the power trust; and we find the President, who has never shown any anger over the numerous scandals of the two administrations of which he was a part, displaying an astonishing rage, not at the actions of his Power Commission, but at the attempt of the Senate to safeguard the public welfare by recalling its ill advised confirmation of the appointments. Mr. Hoover, again donning the hair shirt, resorts to his favorite device of impugning the motives of those who oppose him. He thinks the Senate is playing partisan politics. This inability to concede that anyone can differ with him and still be honest is a psychological weakness of Mr. Hoover which has often been discussed and needs no further comment here. But when he adds that the Senate hopes "to symbolize me as the defender of power interests" it is impossible to avoid asking the question: What other interpretation can anyone put upon his conduct?

Two Bankers on the Depression

DURING the past week two of the wisest leaders of American finance have spoken about the depression and its lessons. One, Mr. Paul M. Warburg, is not only chairman of the Manhattan Company, but is one of the best American authorities on central banking and the Federal Reserve system in particular. The other, Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, is chairman of the Chase National Bank, the largest bank in the world. What have they to say?

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Mr. Warburg's address is unmatched, we believe, both in clarity of reasoning and distinction of style, by any other recent economic pronouncement from a man of affairs. His thesis is essentially simple. While industry has been learning to increase its production by leaps and bounds, more and more barriers have been thrown in the way of the distribution of the goods produced—by tariffs, valorization schemes, cartels, monopolies and other devices to keep prices high. High prices restricted consumption and encouraged more production. "When the purchasing power of domestic consumers threatened to become exhausted it was revived by the stimulant of instalment plans, and buyers abroad, at the end of their tether, were assisted by foreign loans." Inflation of credit for a time maintained production at existing price levels. But eventually credit came to its end as a substitute for the incomes which would have furnished the necessary purchasing power. "Production overwhelmed manipulation. Prices, overcoming artificial dams, began to seek their own levels." This analysis of our trouble is in part the same as that which has from time to time been made in The New Republic. It amounts to saying that as the productivity of industry increases, either prices must fall or the cash incomes of the consuming population must rise, in proportion to the enlarged capacity.

Mr. Warburg, like The New Republic, does not think a shortage of gold is responsible for the depression. On the contrary, so much credit was based on the existing gold that it facilitated speculative excesses. Though Mr. Warburg does not plainly say so, the logical conclusion from his remarks is that, in this case, inflation consisted in keeping the price level nearly stable when it ought to have been falling. That is a sockdologer for the Stable Money Association—unless it radically revises its tests for the existence of inflation. We cannot logically demand a stationary price level without concerning ourselves about getting a general increase in money incomes.

Mr. Wiggin, like Mr. Warburg, opposes the interference with international commerce which is caused by increased protection. He emphasizes a point which Mr. Warburg mentions in passing—the damage done by reparations and debt payments, which constitute an interference with trade. He agrees with Mr. Warburg as to the damage done by valorization and other impediments in the way of falling prices. He even goes so far as to recommend wage reduction, too, as a necessity for readjustment.

What is the remedy? How shall we prevent this sort of thing from happening again? Here, it seems to us, is the main weakness of both these speeches. They almost leave it to be inferred that we shall prosper in the future if we return to complete *laissez faire,* since the original *laissez faire* program means free trade, universal competition, abstention from regulative measures of all sorts, and the absence of cartels, syndicates or monopolies which can control prices. Neither speech goes quite so far as this. Mr. Warburg and Mr. Wiggin apparently do agree that, once we are in a depression, the only way out is through, by allowing a general process of liquidation and readjustment. But neither is a dogmatic free trader. Mr. Warburg admits the desirability of agreements to maintain prices somewhere above the cost of production—though not too far above. And he believes in "sitting on the bulges" of speculative booms which bring depression in their train, largely by means of warnings and eventual action on the part of central banks in restricting credit.

As a matter of fact, free competition does not exist, and its scope is bound to decrease as time goes on. We do not have, and cannot have, a *laissez faire* economy. To recommend it is no remedy. How is Mr. Warburg going to get, in practice, his method of prices held up enough, but not too much? How is he going to prevent the disastrous effect of price maintenance by monopolized industries on the purchasing power of industries which are too competitive, like agriculture and bituminous coal? And in default of a price level falling as rapidly as productivity increases, how is he going to assure a rapid enough rise in the incomes of consumers, and a restriction of profits sufficient to prevent the diversion of credit to stock speculation? Mr. Wiggin may be right that we cannot outlive a depression without wage reductions, but how is that going to remedy the lack of purchasing power which has already come about through the failure of prices to fall while wages did not rise far enough? If we "sit on the bulges" of active production, and reduce wages during depressions, how are we ever going to absorb the goods which a constantly more productive industry is capable of turning out?

The trouble is that we are living in an economic system which is half "free" and half controlled, and in which the controls are usually exercised in behalf of some private or partial interest instead of in the general interest. We cannot go back to the ideal of *laissez faire*—which, indeed, never did work according to theory. We must go ahead to control in the general interest. Not until we learn to balance production, to allot new capital according to plan, to regulate prices, profits and incomes, can we avoid the great wastes and disturbances to which we are subject. Mr. Warburg and Mr. Wiggin should apply their keen powers of analysis, not to justification of a mythical *laissez faire,* but to the prescription of the orderly system which must eventually come. They have seen that, under our present confusion and disorder, the only way out of a depression is through it. But, under the same regime, the only way out of prosperity is into a depression. Let us get out of and through the whole tangle of prosperity and depression by beginning to plan a sensible use of our great productive machine to sustain everyone continuously at as high a standard of life and leisure as possible.

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Americanizing the Moros

THE STOCK reply of many of the British when Americans criticize their administration of India is that we ought to keep silent because of our own bad record in the Philippines; and it is certainly true that we are guilty of many sins of commission and omission in those islands. At the same time, neither of these great powers ought to use the misdeeds of the other as an excuse for failure to set its own house in order. While so much is being written and said about India, it is perhaps wholesome to remind ourselves of some recent happenings in the Philippines of which Americans have every right to be ashamed. To our general failure to consider the interests of the Filipinos there must be added at this time a specific indictment in regard to the other race in the archipelago—the Moros.

Another year has gone by with our record blotted by needless bloodshed among these people, in Lanao province. This is, to be sure, no new thing: for thirty years, the shores of Lake Lanao have echoed with the sounds of fighting; the end is not in sight. By the estimate of Mr. John J. Heffington, Governor of Lanao province, there are at least five hundred *cotas* (domestic forts) in the province. The destruction of two of them last May cost the lives of nine Moros, one constabulary officer and four enlisted men—not to mention the material expense of a military campaign and an appropriation of 1,000 pesos by the civil government to pay fifty native laborers for completing the destructive work of the Stokes mortars.

In his annual report for the year ending August 31, 1904, Major General Leonard Wood, then Governor of the Moro province, expressed the belief that there would be no further organized resistance in Lanao. The same sentiment has been echoed by those in authority from that day to this, but a just and humane settlement of the Moro question seems as far away today as it did in 1904. The natives still submit to the presence of soldiers, without the compensation of adequate police protection; hundreds of them still refuse to pay taxes, and make good their stand with armed or passive resistance; although the possession of unlicensed firearms is prohibited by law, they still manufacture home-made guns and ammunition with which to defend their crops from the ravages of wild pigs, to arm themselves against renegades, or to resist the soldiers, whom they have always hated, and they still construct bomb-proof *cotas* to remind the government that they are an unconquered people.

At the cost of fifteen years of desperate guerilla warfare, the United States Army practically annihilated the Moro warriors. In the battles of Bud Daho and Bagsak, fought in 1906 and 1913 respectively, the women stood beside their men and together they fought until they died. Then the army moved out and the constabulary took over the job; seventeen more years of ruthless outlaw hunting have made Moroland comparatively safe for Filipino political appointees; but neither the army nor the constabulary, nor yet the civil government, has done much to settle the Moro problem.

Bamboo versions of the Little Red Schoolhouse exist in the villages where military force is heaviest, and in them a few Moro children parrot the assignments of ill prepared Filipino teachers. They learn—or half-learn—the three R's, and write essays about Abraham Lincoln, the Battle of Bunker Hill, and a pale little boy with a hatchet who cut down some kind of foreign tree, and who was not ingenious enough to tell a necessary lie—a trait of character foreign to the Oriental nature, which not even their Christian teacher can understand. The medium of expression used by teacher and pupils is "bamboo English." The fine native arts, the poetry, mythology and the dramatic history of their race they may learn at home, in the shelter of their *cota* walls. And here also they learn the lessons of hate and contempt. The medium of expression is Arabic script and the local dialect.

Being human, these youngsters do not care a rap about Abraham Lincoln, or George Washington, or the Battle of Bunker Hill. Their heroes are the outlaw leaders with prices on their heads; and the battle which thrills them was Bayan, fought on the shores of Lake Lanao in May, 1902, the historical importance of which rests upon the fact that in that fight Captain John J. Pershing so distinguished himself as to win promotion.

All this is wicked and seditious. The rising generation of Moros should put aside their Mohammedan traditions and forget the battles in which the women fought beside the men, and in dying hurled their babies in the faces of the soldiers; they should remember that those battles were fought by a paternal invader in the name of humanity and justice for oppressed peoples. They should,—but they won't—any more than the stubborn peoples of India will recognize the beneficence of British rule no matter how frequently and how firmly they are told about it.

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Hard-Boiled Radicalism

This is the second of a series of articles discussing the position of the contemporary progressive, the first, by Edmund Wilson, having been published last week. They are the outcome of conversations among the editors of The New Republic which have been occurring for several months and the gist of which may be of interest to our readers as raw material for thought and discussion.—THE EDITORS.

I

IN HIS argument that the time has come for liberals to reconsider their position, Edmund Wilson begins by summarizing the reconsideration which Herbert Croly had given to the course of historic American liberalism in "The Promise of American Life." It seems to me that we shall not be equipped to discuss the subject intelligently unless we know to what extent Croly went on to develop his position. He ceased to call his public policy liberal, with good reason. It is well to understand why, since anyone who thinks of it as liberal cannot judge whether it is still valid.

Politically, liberalism is bound up with the doctrine of natural rights, derived from such men as Rousseau and Locke, and given expression in the American Declaration of Independence and in parts of the Constitution, such as the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, with their "due process" clauses which have given so much trouble in efforts to regulate industry. Liberalism in economics is, historically, nothing less than the doctrine of *laissez faire*, developed to its greatest perfection, probably, in the works of John Stuart Mill. The hollowness of the doctrine of natural rights, and its positive injury to society when applied, in a highly developed industrial civilization, to protect the interests of the owning classes, was one of Croly's favorite themes. He clearly recognized also that the economic doctrine of *laissez faire* was, under present conditions, not only a fraud but a stumbling block in the way of a desirable industrial order. Our problem is not to safeguard a deceptive economic freedom by pretending that everyone is and should be able to do exactly as he likes in the struggle for private gain, but to create a genuine economic liberty by planning and organizing industry for the general welfare. Certainly The New Republic has never stood for historic liberalism in public affairs, but for something radically different.

Many, while abandoning the historic meaning of the word, have continued to use it in a loose sense to describe a position which mechanically remains halfway between the conservatism of those who want to preserve existing institutions untouched and the radicalism of those who want a revolutionary change. Croly was not a liberal in this sense either: he despised "middle-of-the-road" liberalism, as he called it—a passive, weaselish affair, the position of which is automatically determined by the movements of the extremes between which it lies. Herbert Hoover in the post-war days was, according to Croly, this type of liberal, and what has happened to Hoover is just what is to be expected of the nervous compromiser who floats upon tides of thought created by those with more definite ideas and firmer wills.

The only sense in which he acknowledged liberalism was that of a basic mental attitude which may be held by one in any party or school of opinion. This attitude is primarily experimental and scientific. It pins its faith to no exclusive dogma, orthodoxy or group of absolutes, unless it be to the assumption that the world of nature and especially of human experience is constantly changing, that it must be apprehended ever more fully by inquiry both candid and expert, and dealt with ever more effectively by devices skillfully invented to apply to the situation discovered. The purposes for which he wished the results of this inquiry and this activity to be used were determined by a profound faith in the possible enlargement of the human personality. It was because the original American experiment was, in his view, deliberately consecrated to such a purpose that it seemed to him to have a peculiar value. His nationalism represented an effort to rescue this purpose and this value from the degeneration which it had experienced in the hands of profit-seeking business and time-serving politics, in order that it might be useful in creating a better civilization.

Croly understood, as Edmund Wilson points out, that a revolutionary crisis might eventually arise in the course of the struggle to bring desirable changes, but, in the absence of such a crisis, he favored a progressive policy which would make use of existing institutions to approach the true national ideal. After the War he certainly did not count on a "benevolent and intelligent capitalism" to reform itself. He wanted, rather, more and stronger dissenting economic groups, such as labor organizations, and a radically progressive party, based on the interests of the economically disinherited—particularly the industrial workers and the farmers—which would put pressure on the owners and arrivists. He did not even expect that such a party could win power quickly, or believe that, if it did win power, it could make much headway, at least for many years, against vested interests. The best he could realistically hope was that those responsible for the management of industry, driven on the one hand by the logic of necessity arising out of

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the economic situation, and on the other by the dissatisfaction and the ideas of the radical groups, would slowly move in the direction of a better organized economy. Whether the ultimate result would be a new order achieved through evolutionary process, or a breakdown resulting from a too immobile business leadership, he did not venture to predict.

It appears to me, therefore, that an accurate statement of the primary issue which Edmund Wilson presents, as far as those who have understood and agreed with Croly are concerned, is not whether we should abandon political liberalism—which we have not been espousing—but whether the radical progressivism which we have long favored can be made any more effective than it has been for the past ten years, whether it can be restated or amplified or brought nearer completion in the world of ideas; in short, whether the tide of events has not turned in our favor and we should not consequently be more bold and aggressive.

II

I suppose that from 1919 to 1921 the world seemed more in flux, more ready for fundamental changes, than it ever has since. Many of us had before that time felt not only the injustice but the meaninglessness of a haphazard civilization, in which the survival of institutions and the effectiveness of personalities depended more and more on the ability to connect with profit and commercial success. During the War we had sensed the possibilities of planning and of communal effort, hastily and crudely organized though they were under such agencies as the War Industries Board and the Food Administration. The shock of the War itself produced a conviction that the world was plunging to disaster. We had read avidly Wells, Shaw, Sidney Webb, G. D. H. Cole and others who proposed new types of society under socialism, guild socialism, syndicalism or some other logical system. There had been the Communist revolution in Russia, the Socialist revolution in Germany, and the tremendous growth of the British Labor party, with its ambitious Nottingham program. The labor movement in the United States was strong, aggressive and fermenting with ideas. We had genuine samples of class conflict on an arresting scale—great strikes in basic industries such as coal, steel, railroads. We had the Plumb plan for public ownership and tripartite management of the railways. Some who had come under Croly's influence, as well as many who had not, were seized in this current of ideas and were ready to take part in a reorganization of society. And then, to top off everything else, came the industrial depression of 1921, in many ways as profound as the present one, and in some ways—such as the fall of prices and wages—even more severe.

How were we to behave in the face of this apparent opportunity? The first impulse was, of course, to express or embrace ideas and programs—an intense paper activity. But when this was done, what next? We had to have some way in which to function in support of the goals we favored. One could join the Socialist party, or some other which was more revolutionary. These parties, however, were still so weak as to be ineffectual in practical affairs. Radicalism, if it was to be more than a series of phrases, had to have an organized body; it had to have a constituency outside of a few dissatisfied young college graduates, journalists, lawyers, engineers or economists. We did what we could to help in the creation of labor parties, of farmers' groups. We observed and reported the strikes, and strove to find some useful connection with the organized labor movement.

Nevertheless, the actual course of affairs was quite different from that which we had anticipated. "Business as usual," advocated by all sorts of powerful reactionary interests which had become thoroughly frightened, swept back over the country. Every trace of the war organization was destroyed as rapidly as possible. Harding was elected by an enormous majority. Business revival came. In spite of the depression and the outrageous scandals of Harding's administration, the Republican party kept its power with Coolidge. The labor and farmer parties, having finally made a play on the national stage with the La Follette Progressives—though in a much diluted form, to be sure—disappeared, leaving survivals only in a few states and cities. The trade-union movement itself declined in numbers, in power and in energy. The younger generations not only did not believe in our ideas, but for the most part paid no attention to them; the more intelligent escaped to Europe, to sexual experiment, to egocentric psychological fads, to religion, to esoteric literary and esthetic expression or to irresponsible Menckenian cynicism.

The effect of all this upon us differed according to the individual. Some became "tired radicals" and surrendered by going out for conventional success, perhaps tucking away some reservations in a dark closet of the mind. One of my friends, who in 1921 had confidently asserted that capitalism was collapsing, subsequently had to find some outlet for his mental ingenuity and enthusiasm and so became a leading prophet of "the new era" of boundless prosperity. Those of us who had been too deeply impressed to execute a right-about-face became hard-boiled about radicalism. We doubted the ability of any individual emotion or any paper program to effectuate a fundamental change. We felt the power of great historical tides; we were forced to recognize economic determinism and the strength of social habit. We turned, as did Stuart Chase, to exposition of the losses, wastes and absurdities of the existing state of affairs, without assuming that we could do anything much about it except to induce some few others to see it as we did. We took pains to inform ourselves accurately and extensively about economic science, scientific

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management, politics and the other social disciplines. We studied railroads, coal, textiles, agriculture, finance, real wages, productivity, regional planning, housing, the tariff, electrical power, the effect of machinery. We wrote about the current problems as they arose, we threw out and criticized proposals for change in specific situations. We applied our knowledge as well as we could to the service of labor and coöperative organizations in their daily tasks. We saw that it was part of our job to understand not merely the failures of capitalism but also its successes—the features which had given it at least a temporary survival value. For undoubtedly capitalism had developed in such a way as to set back the movements in which we had been interested. Under it, for instance, average real wages had shown a marked increase, and the struggle between organized labor and employers had been greatly delimited: large numbers of workers seemed to be immunized even against conservative trade-union organization. Whatever we felt about the defects of capitalist civilization, we could get nowhere without a rigorously candid examination of it.

All the time we indicated wherever we legitimately could what seemed to us the unifying idea behind our point of view—that the chief fault of the existing disorder was lack of planning and control in the general interest. We have emphasized this need for planning and control both in dozens of specific situations and more recently in general—when we suggested such things as an Economic General Staff or a National Planning Board. This seemed more realistic than to say that the fault was the profit motive or the lack of public ownership of the means of production. If it was necessary to abolish private ownership, that necessity arose in pursuit of a positive purpose. Once the purpose was understood and its desirability accepted, in detail and in general, private enterprise would be tested in relation to its ability to accomplish the purpose. The question whether capitalism is desirable means, concretely, whether capitalism can avoid depression, unemployment and poverty, whether it can enhance the general welfare with reasonable rapidity in both the material and the psychical realms. Unless people are convinced by experience of its failure in such concrete respects, they will not be convinced that it is undesirable. This method of testing existing institutions by the establishment of standards and the record of performance rather than by declaiming against them on grounds of abstract principle, has come to be our strategy as a result of the events of the past decade. It indicates that our function, so far as we have had any, has been educational (in the true sense of the word). It indicates that, convinced of the shallowness and ultimate ineffectuality of propaganda, we have tried to assist in a process of social learning. I believe that no matter what creed a radical has formally adopted, whether Communism, Socialism or progressivism, he has been effective only to the extent that he has been able to participate in this process of social learning. And I believe also that this is the realm of activity in which all who are dissatisfied with our civilization, whether in great degree or small, can meet on common ground. People split on dogmas, but they must use common faculties so long as they practise scientific analysis and undergo conditioning by experience.

This attempted education of ourselves and of others has for the most part been undramatic. It has not consistently aroused general public interest at all, or very intense interest on the part of anyone. No doubt it has appeared desultory and beneath serious consideration, both to those who have floated on the high tide of our recently boiling "prosperity" and to those who have rejected capitalism and all its works. But I think it has not been without its effects. It has perhaps prepared minds to understand more critically the present experience of depression, to believe that it is unwarranted and remediable, rather than a stroke of fate. It may have contributed something to that general disillusionment concerning capitalism which Edmund Wilson believes is now prevalent.

III

If capitalism is in fact now rapidly collapsing, as some few believe it is, what we can say or do will count little. We shall all be carried down in its ruin, whatever we think, and something new will have to be built. Economic determinism will be working for revolution with a vengeance, just as it largely worked against change between 1922 and 1929. The sort of capitalistic collapse which the Communists envision does not depend in the least on the will of revolutionaries. It will be an exaggerated industrial depression, very likely complicated by war. Unlike an ordinary depression, this collapse will not eventuate in a business revival which can again raise the status and the hopes of the masses. Unemployment and lack of purchasing power will grow in spirals until the breaking point is reached. So far world capitalism has, according to Marxian theory, been able to avoid the collapse it has faced in each depression by finding new regions to exploit, new markets to supply. In the end, however, it will be trapped by its chronic inability to distribute enough purchasing power to absorb the goods it produces.

Capitalism, it is well to remember, has never yet collapsed anywhere in the way in which Marx predicted. The Russian revolution occurred in a nation still predominantly feudalistic, in which capitalism had barely started to grow. The popular demand which put the Russian Communists in power was not a demand for better control of an already ripe and rotten industrialism, but a demand for "peace and bread" in a nation whose primitive industrial order and antiquated government were unable to withstand the shock of modern war.

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The present depression is in most respects as severe as any we have experienced. Yet it is, so far at least, a long way from a collapse. In spite of all the miseries of unemployment, in spite of the heavy losses incurred by speculators and business men, production and consumption still go on in large volume. Great masses of the people are not being starved into revolt, even at the polls. In the last election the Communist and Socialist votes grew, but remained negligible; the Democrats did not win enough seats in Congress to establish control.

Economic science since Marx has learned a great deal, and one of the things of which it is fairly certain is that, just as in every period of prosperity there are the seeds of depression, so in every depression there are seeds of revival. The capitalist order, unplanned and uncontrolled as it is, is in a pretty constant state of disequilibrium, but there are in it forces of equilibrium which in the long run keep compensating—or overcompensating—for its lack of balance. When prices and incomes get out of adjustment, prices fall. Surplus stocks of commodities are used up. Investment of capital in new enterprises starts new streams of purchasing power. New ingenuity reduces costs of production. The forces which Marx described may produce depressions, but what he failed to see was that there are other forces which tend to prevent the depressions from degenerating into collapses.

Nobody can predict with certainty that no future revolutions against capitalism will occur. There may, for instance, be another devastating war which will bring new Communist nations into the world. But as straight and expert a look at the economic facts as one can get on the basis of existing knowledge indicates that a bet on a self-engendered collapse of capitalism, of the sort Marx predicted, is by no means a sure thing. It is well that there are those who do bet on it, who are forming their plans in order that they may be prepared to act if it does occur. But if one whose reason does not accept the inevitability of collapse embraces orthodox Communism, his action must bear some of the odium of an escape from reality. To satisfy his private desire for a different order of things, he allows his emotions to create a dream world which absolves him from real responsibility for all that happens before an apocalyptic crisis. This is utopianism of a peculiarly deceptive sort. Because it involves personal sacrifice, danger and discipline, it offers a heroically appealing way of life. But, unless its faith in the ultimate goal of all this effort is justified, the way of life is merely a way of personal salvation by belief in an imaginary heaven.

IV

If we are not now facing a world-wide collapse of capitalism, what is likely to happen? One possibility is a business revival, followed by another spurt of prosperity and advancing standards of living like that which we recently experienced. Another is that, though we have a moderate revival, it will be a mere incident in a longish stretch of hard times like those which occurred in the seventies and the nineties of the past century. The ground for believing that this is possible rests on a special theory regarding the recent period of prosperity. According to this theory, expressed a number of times in The New Republic, certain fundamental factors, like the persistent depressions in agriculture, coal and textiles, and the failure of wage earners' purchasing power to increase as rapidly as production of consumers' goods after 1923, constantly threatened the continuance of "good times." These factors were overborne on the average, however, by others, such as the rapid expansion of the automobile industry, the building boom, and the extension of credit at home and abroad. There is no improvement in sight in the adverse factors; there appears to be no new industrial giant ready to spring into the places vacated by automobiles and construction; and no renewal of rapid and prolonged credit expansion seems likely.

Whether prosperity of a sort returns promptly or not, however, I agree with Edmund Wilson that a psychological change in the public attitude toward individualistic capitalism—especially as personified in our customary business, financial and political leadership—is taking place. No doubt pessimism and lack of confidence are as much exaggerated now as optimism and confidence were before the stock-market debacle. We should not count too heavily on the temporary resentment of those whose ambitions for private gain have been disappointed. But the extent of the failure of our business order to live up to the best possibilities offered by technical skill is much more widely understood; the feeling is spreading that this sort of thing is not merely a misfortune but a social crime; more and more people believe that economic processes can and should be mastered, as they have not been mastered by those concerned with making as much money as possible. The roots of this change lie in the very period of prosperity when so little advance of progressivism was in evidence; it is in process now, and it will continue to develop, especially so if hard times become habitual. Capitalism is already on the defensive; as time goes on it will lose its élan except in so far as it is radically altered.

Among the forces contributing to this psychological change are the following:

> The exaggerated propaganda of our recent prosperity, which promised more to a larger proportion of the people than any such propaganda before in history.
>
> The new assumption of business leaders that they were now engaged, not merely in making money, but in public service, that they actually were controlling affairs efficiently in the general interest.
>
> The explicit promises that we should have no more depressions and were about to abolish poverty—a declaration of social ideals as legitimate concerns of the business regime.

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An increased belief in the marvels of production possible with intelligent use of machinery and technical improvements.

The tremendous growth of industrial mergers, of chain stores, of big business of all sorts, even of large-scale agricultural production, combined with the general belief that this growth is inevitable, that the small business is everywhere at a disadvantage and offers little opportunity for the enterprising individual to conquer a share of riches and power.

The hopes of hundreds of thousands that they could share in the prosperity of big business concerns by buying their stocks—hopes dashed in November, 1929.

The improved means of checking up on industrial performance by wider knowledge and more statistical measurements.

The increasing realization, in business circles themselves, that individualistic competition leads to disaster, as in coal, oil wells, cotton textiles; that whole industries must approach planning and management for their own good.

The growing understanding of the science of administration and management, which rests on research, planning and coöperative control rather than on hunches and bosses. The feeling that this technique, so successful in individual plants, ought to be applied to broader fields.

More important than anything else in its potential effect is, of course, the Russian experiment. So far its influence has been minor: its success has not been definitely established, its hardships and repressions have been far more in evidence in the American mind than its achievements and its ambitions. If it goes on in the course of time to produce at least as high a standard of living as ours without our insecurity, to demonstrate the possibility of planning and control over a complex industrial system and to offer a full measure of the more intangible satisfactions, the effect will be as momentous in history as was the discovery of America at the end of the Middle Ages. Not only shall we know that capitalism as we have experienced it is undesirable, but that a different and better order is actually possible.

All this appears to me to offer increased hope of economic change by the exercise of will and mastery, rather than by waiting for a crisis of despair to destroy all institutions in a single crash. I believe we shall see less defense of the traditional, and more effort to organize general welfare, on the part of those with the greatest stake in capitalism. If their efforts fail, as in great part I fear they must, we shall see a further weakening of the morale and prestige of the profit system. We may eventually have the sort of radical movement which Croly wanted—one which exists not merely on paper and in the minds of a few idealists, but has its solid roots in economic and political organization of powerful groups with common interests.

Whatever happens, however, the progressives ought to make it plain that they are not, as Edmund Wilson says, "betting on capitalism," any more than they are betting on violent revolution. What they are, or should be betting on, is the disappearance of traditional capitalism or its change into something radically different, just as feudalism disappeared and changed in its day. They ought to strive with all their powers to imagine what this new thing will be, to picture it and win faith in it. It will certainly have much in common with Russian Communism, since that is an instance of a planned and controlled economy in the interest of all, one which tries to assure substantial equality of income, of opportunity and of security. But, if it does not come as the result of a single sudden overturn, it is bound to differ from Russian Communism in many respects. It is likely to come in a piecemeal fashion, and over a longer period of time. The problem of planning an already well developed industrial civilization like ours is, moreover, essentially different from that of creating a new one like Russia's. I should hope that in some respects ours might be better, or at least more adapted to the best in the American spirit. It should have less dogma, less fol-de-rol, less forceful restriction and less propaganda. It should rest more on coöperative activities, more on learned and validated social habits. It should leave more room for experiment, development and individual difference. It must, of course, be based upon greater international solidarity, less economic nationalism.

The progressives ought not to be satisfied with the recommendation of specific programs or pieces of economic and social machinery, but should also strive to forge the human values which alone can give these devices validity. And, in addition to creating a clearer vision of the purposes in view, they ought to redouble their efforts to learn and to stimulate social learning. It seems to me that what is required on their part is not a complete break with their previous activity, but more vigorous steps toward its fulfilment.

GEORGE SOULE.

Sigil

If you take the moon in your hands
and turn it round
(heavy, slightly tarnished platter)
you're there;

if you pull dry seaweed from the sand
and turn it round
and wonder at the under-side's bright amber,
your eyes

look out as they did here
(you don't remember)
when my soul turned round,

perceiving the other-side of everything,
mullein leaf, dogwood leaf, moth wing
and dandelion seeds under the ground.

"H. D."

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Danville, Virginia

YOU GET at Danville, Virginia, a picture of the futility of what might be called goodness. There is a Mr. Fitzgerald there, who is at the head of the Dan River Cotton Mills. There are two mills on strike there, the Dan River and the Riverside. Mr. Fitzgerald is the controlling man at the mills and of the town. No one doubts much that he is a good man with good intentions.

The cotton mills have been there a long time. The modern industrial town of Danville has really been made by them, but Danville is itself an old town. It was once, for a brief passing moment, the capital of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Davis, with his Cabinet, fled to Danville when Grant took Richmond. There must still have been some hope, a feverish kind of uncertain hope. "We may win yet. Something may happen," the men there must have been saying to themselves, whistling in the dark to keep up courage, like the strikers when I was there.

I went down to Danville from Richmond, driving down in the rain, and at Richmond I had told several men where I was going. They all said the same thing, "Why do these men strike now? There are so many men out of work everywhere. It will be too easy to whip them now."

We went puddling through the rain and drove down past one of the mills. There were pickets scattered about. They had built up temporary shelters. One group had got an old piece of canvas, such as farmers use to cover haystacks, and had propped it up on sticks. Two men and a girl were huddled in under there and as we passed slowly the girl put out her head. We waved our hands and she grinned, a girlish grin. "Hello," we called and "hot stuff," she replied. There was that American thing. These youngsters. They get you by the throat. I wasn't in the late War myself, but I get a picture, gathered from young fellows, friends of mine coming back, a picture of just such young Americans as you will find there on strike, at the cotton mills at Danville. A kind of gayety going on, in spite of hell. To the average man in the trenches—I mean the common soldier, let him be English, American, German, French, whatnot—I dare say there wasn't much thought of winning or losing the War. They must have been quite willing to let the heavy thinkers, the Wilsons, Clemenceaus, the Lloyd Georges, figure out the purposes of the War and all that. What I fancy about them is that they had consciousness only of the thing in front of them. "It's no use grouching," they must have said to themselves, "I may be dead tomorrow. But there are these others here, Jim and Bud and Joe and Frank. If I can get a grin out of one of them it will help just that much."

There is always this feeling when you (being a man like myself . . . a middle-class man really, although you are a writer and do not buy or sell anything) come into a hall where there are a lot of workers, strikers congregated. They cheer.

There they are, sitting or standing in the room. It is always such a gloomy room, somewhere on a side street. The men and women, the strikers, packed in there. At Danville they had got a hall that had been used by the Ku Klux Klan and in a corner, propped against a wall, there was a huge cross, all arranged like the lights you see put up over movie theaters, wired to make a fiery cross. That propped against a wall in a corner and the people crowded in, some standing, as there were not seats enough. We went in.

I had been in town some three or four hours. I had met a lot of newspaper men . . . bright fellows . . . talk of the strike and of the town. They took me out of town to a country estate, owned by Laurence Stallings, who collaborated on "What Price Glory." He had just had his tonsils cut out and we sat and looked at each other. "So that's you?" "Yes. That's you, eh?"

It would have been much better if the newspaper men had not taken me out there. A man who has just had his tonsils out doesn't want to see a fellow writer. Seeing fellow writers isn't such great shucks anyway, any time. We know each other too well. It would have been better if I had gone down there in the rain to the picket lines, stood around in the little temporary shelters, looking out at the great stone mills. I might have got more a sense of something I was after down there. I was sore at the people who were managing the strike that they had not arranged it in that way.

We did get to the hall finally.

You come in to such a place. Let us say, just to make the point, that they have been told something about you. One of the amazingly charming things about Americans, and in particular about American workers, is a kind of humility in them that makes you ashamed. Why, they believe in you. They believe you can do something to help them. In Danville they believe in Mr. Fitzgerald. You ask one of the strikers down there, "What about Mr. Fitzgerald?" "Oh, he's all right. He's a good man," he'll say. These workers, mill hands, men and women, are like poets really. They believe it will happen. They think it may happen at any time, any minute.

What do they believe?

They believe in people.

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It may be because they are poor. They believe that in some queer way, some man having come along, let's say some fellow like myself, he having made a speech . . . something of that sort . . . they believe all will change.

I dare say they have a sense of something. At Danville I was told something about the cotton mills. They came in there a long time ago and the mills have been well managed. Let us say there was, originally, a million dollars invested. The mills have prospered and there have been big dividends made, stock distributed. Let's say the valuation has gone up to fifteen millions. There have been big salaries paid, too, a president getting seventy-five thousand a year and other officials as high as fifty thousand. What a lot of money really. Sometimes it seems to a man like myself that working people, who haven't any money and never expect to have any, do not really believe that our American civilization is a money civilization. They believe vaguely that there is just some kind of misunderstanding, and the queer part of it all is that they are right.

At any rate, at Danville Mr. Fitzgerald and his fellows on their side have tried, from their point of view, to be decent. They own the houses in which the workers live and the strikers have been out for two months now. They might have thrown the strikers out into the streets but they haven't. A few have been thrown out recently.

At Danville the workers are striking simply for the right to organize. That is the main, the central idea. They have been told over and over how it is. "Look here," the labor leaders say to them, "capital is organized against you, all modern life is organized.

"No one of you has much chance, standing alone." They know that is true. Modern people, who so seldom go into any of our great American mills, should go in oftener. The mills are terrifically well organized. They overpower you with the sense of organization that has been built up.

You know well enough that, as an individual, a worker, you can't stand up against that. You are such a tiny little thing, such a minute cog in the great machine. "Stand together," the labor leaders say. "Let us stand together," the workers repeat.

There is so much confusion. You talk to almost any employer of labor about the right to organize. "How can you deny the right?" you ask.

"I can't. I don't," he replies.

He doesn't, either; that's the joke of it. "Why, I'll organize them myself," he says. "I'll let them have meetings. They can even make suggestions to me. All I want to do is to run the thing. I know more about running things than these fellows do."

The workers agree to that, but it doesn't work out. They get restless. What I myself fancy is that the average worker, having worked for one man for a long time, as have so many of these people at Danville, Virginia, has a vague notion that if some fellow would come along and say just the right thing everything would clear up.

They are really modest people—these workers. "I can't talk myself," they say. They look about, hoping to find someone to do their talking for them. If someone would just get to the boss, say just the right thing to him. "I'm sure he is a good man," they say. "He doesn't understand how we feel."

So it goes on. The workers in such a mill go on strike. I said a moment ago that more people should go into modern factories but, when it comes to that, more people should go to strike meetings, too.

There is a way in which people, workers, when they go on strike, even when they are pretty sure to lose, get something, and it should be borne in mind that there isn't much these people get out of life. Labor hours are long. Life is a grind for them. Youth doesn't last long in a mill.

It is like this—modern men and women, modern workers in the modern big mills, when there is no strike on, when things are just running on as usual, get very little feeling of each other. They are in the presence always, all days, every day, of a big, tightly organized thing. It makes them feel small. They lose sense of each other.

Then a strike comes and, for a time at least, they get a rather fine feeling of each other. A man or woman, a worker, in ordinary times, is just a man or woman, but in a hall, while a strike is going on, he is, at the moment at least, a part of something like an army. He is, for the time at least, as big as the mills. He gets sharply the sense of others. Something grows warm in him. Hands reach out. Any American who has really been in at a strike, while it is going on, before it wears out, while the spirit of it is at fever heat, will have an experience he won't forget.

He has perhaps been told by the newspapers that these people are dangerous. Why, they are people in love with each other, for the moment anyway. The feeling of isolation, so universal nowadays in our modern industrialized America, is gone. These people want only to stand shoulder to shoulder. They want to keep this feeling for each other. In a case, such as that at Danville, they wouldn't mind really having the boss belong to their union, his running it, if they could feel he was one of themselves.

They can't feel that. Can you blame them? Should Mr. Fitzgerald expect that? Can any man, running any factory, really feel that a company union is a real union?

You come into such a place, an outsider. You are to make a speech. How futile really. What can you say?

You can say you hope they will win.

What?

Why, just the right to go on being as they are at that moment, all one, organized, feeling close

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to each other. You feel that the struggle in which these people are engaged is a part of the struggle of all men against the control of all life by the machine.

They are men and women and, while I am on this matter, I would like to say something for the men and women who run these strikes. It is a heart-breaking job. You are always going about to little halls, seeing people such as I saw at Danville, people struggling for some right to live. You feel them almost inevitably doomed to defeat just now. It gets you.

There they are. They crowd into the little halls. They cheer you when you come in. Faces peer up at you. There is hope, love, expectation in the eyes of the people. At Danville, in the front row, there was a young fellow with his girl. He reached over stealthily and took her hand. Old men, heads of families, were there, and tired old women workers. A thousand eyes looking up at you. A kind of love grips you at the throat, but how utterly futile you feel, how ashamed. They so believe in you, or in someone like you, some talker, some writer, some leader, some poet who is to come and make what they want understood to their boss, to all bosses.

Well, you do nothing. You say a few words. You go away. You go back to your hotel. Some man comes in and offers you a drink. That's that. It's a pretty heart-breaking matter—this situation of most industrial workers in America just now.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Two American Boys in the U. S. S. R.

The two American boys who are the authors of this series of letters worked their way over to Russia and found jobs in Moscow, Robin Kinkead as assistant to an American newspaper correspondent and his brother David as an English teacher. Their letters, addressed to their family, were written without thought of publication. The last instalment will be published next week.—THE EDITORS.

I WEIGH a hundred and seventy, which is five pounds less than my American weight, but I had too much fat on my belly anyway. Whenever I am hungry I eat. I never stint myself. I enjoy food. In fact, food is no worry at all. The bread and butter for tea sounds pretty meager, but it doesn't seem so at all. The butter is unsalted, which makes it taste better—you remember how good French bread and butter taste?—well, this isn't quite the same, but it's nothing like eating ordinary American white bread and butter. Sometimes I eat two or three glasses of sour milk. I guess you would call it eating, because it is absolutely curdled solid. I put a couple of teaspoonfuls of sugar in it, stir it up until it is about like nice thick cream and then bolt it down with a spoon. It's marvelous. I don't see why I never ate it before. They make all sorts of keen food out of sour milk and sour cream here, a phase of the culinary art that is scandalously neglected in America. D. K.

Al and I made a big trip to the Communar on the Tverskaya to get some supplies. We needed tea and sunflower-seed oil for frying our sausage, and I wanted to buy my eggs and butter and Al wanted some butter, too. This is the procedure I go through there to get my merchandise: first I go into a small room where there is a girl sitting behind a table with several people waiting around it, usually maids from different embassies and also German wives of German specialists over here. On the table is the omnipresent abacus which they love to figure on. It is pretty fast for addition and subtraction, but after you are all through there is no record of your figuring to check up. I notice that they usually add the sum about three times to make sure, which in the end takes much longer than adding on paper and still leaves no record. Well, I wait until this girl gets through playing with her little machine and then present my correspondent's card. She takes down the name and number and then asks me what I want. I tell her and she writes it down on the same piece of blue paper with my name and number. Then I take this piece of paper to a man behind another table where there are more people gathered around and try to catch his eye. Sometimes he notices me without any wild signs and words on my part, but usually not. He takes the paper suspiciously and looks at it and gives me a calculating glance. Then he says, "We'll have the stuff ready tomorrow." I say, "No, I must have it right away." Then he says, "All right; take a seat."

There are a lot of fellows in white running around, and soon, if he is lucky, he catches one of them and gives him my paper. This man takes it curiously and gives it another examination, as if he were a philatelist regarding a rare stamp. Then he wanders off to the basement of the building where all the supplies of stores are kept. They keep them down there so as not to excite the public by having things like eggs and butter in plain view. In about half an hour he comes back with my package all wrapped up and sets it down. I always mark my man, so I know just when he comes back. If I didn't do this I might wait all day for the package, because they don't bother to notify you. I catch him and ask him the damage and he tells me the price. Then I go outside into the main part of the

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store and line up with a lot of people fumbling with money in front of the cashier's desk. I get a check for the amount and then go in and get my package and the transaction is over with. Both sides feel not a little proud of the accomplishment in which they have taken mutual part. On this trip we had to wait an hour for our stuff, so in the interim Al and I went out and had a glass of beer. This took only twenty minutes, so in the remaining time we decided to visit an anti-religious museum hard by that neither of us had seen. The place is closed on only three days of the month, but this happened to be one of those days, so we just wandered about the street for a while until the hour was up. At last, loaded with the big bundle, with its precious cargo of eggs, we waited for Number 18 tram, which would take us within walking distance of home. Three came by, but they were all crowded to the steps with a cluster of people hanging on the outside and the usual little boy riding on the rear. Unembarrassed by a bundle and twenty fragile eggs, such a condition would present no difficulties to me. But I couldn't hang on with that parcel. So we took an A tram, meaning to transfer to a 10 bus when we got to the line. We got there, but the 10 buses were all full and wouldn't let us in. It was by this time three o'clock and I was hungry as hell, because I hadn't had my usual sausage for breakfast, having no oil to fry them in. We hiked the rest of the way home, and then cooked up a great meal of sausage, eggs, bread and butter and tea.

As to maids, lots and lots of Russian families have maids, as well as most of the families of foreign experts here. The amount of work of running a house, even for two, isn't small here. You can't compare it with the same thing in America. There you have running hot water, sinks, drain-boards, good gas pressure, and a store on the corner where you can buy anything right away. It takes an expert Russian to know where to get the stuff and what to get. You have to go a long way to the stores and stand in line there, and even when you go to the main stores it takes a long time, and at these they aim to sell only to the privileged one what he can't get at other stores. So maids are almost a necessity for people who have other things to do. Twenty rubles a month is the ordinary wage, but some of them get a little more. R. K.

The other day I saw the famous naked bathers of Moscow. Right down near and under the bridge that is about a stone's throw from the Kremlin, a whole bunch of men and boys—I didn't notice any women—were stalking about on the bank, taking sun baths and swimming absolutely stark naked, and were as calm and nonchalant as you please. I couldn't help feeling a shock when I saw them there, though I had heard so much about it. It hardly seemed possible. Imagine your feelings if you saw a bunch of people walking down Geary Street without a stitch of clothing. That's the way I felt the first time. I'm used to it now, though, and it doesn't surprise me any more. In fact, I intend going down and swimming myself, right in the most conspicuous place, for the novelty of it. It ought to be good for inhibitions to run about naked in the center of a city with a population of about two and a half millions.

D. K.

I've been trying to get a Russian shirt, but the stores I went into either didn't have any in stock or if they did they hadn't any big enough for me. I don't see why they don't arrange somehow to make more clothes here, because if they did I am sure they could sell a lot more and make more money. They never have enough of anything. The minute there is any slight demand for anything, they run right out of it. I guess they're too busy with *sovkhozi* and *colvkhozi* and factories and things to bother about clothes. I guess they figure that if everyone has something on his back that's enough. Most of the kids run around the town in shorts and nothing else. I see lots of grown men walking along the streets with only undershirts on above and I've seen a couple of men going barefoot, but not many. R. K.

I need a haircut pretty badly right now, and that reminds me that the one person I miss most here, outside of the immediate family, is good old Vic, the Palo Alto barber. For one thing, he's cut my hair for so long that I have a feeling that it belongs to him, that he is the only one who really has a right to cut it. Getting my hair cut, which under Vic's gentle caress was a pleasure, something to look forward to, is nothing but an ugly ordeal here. The barber shops here remind me of those in Paris, only they are worse. They all look as though they had been originally intended for meat stores or storerooms, and then had decided at the last minute to be barber shops instead. They have a couple of armchairs sitting around, several mirrors hanging askew on the wall, all of different sizes, bottles sitting all out of order on a shelf along the wall that needs painting, hair mixed with dirt on the floor and so on. Over it all hangs a stale smell of cheap perfume. Then the barbers themselevs are a rough and unfeeling lot. They give you the impression that they are peasants recently yanked away from their natural position behind the plow. I get that feeling, anyway, because they go at my hair not as though it were alive and fastened to a rather sensitive head, but as though it were a poor cover crop that had to be turned under, in a particularly stubborn plot of ground. It's hard to tell them in Russian all the fine points as to how you want your hair cut, and what few directions you are able to splutter out they disregard. When they cut the hair on the side they turn the comb upside down after each slice and run the teeth ruthlessly along the place where your ear fastens on to your head. I always expect them to draw blood, but they haven't yet—not that they haven't tried hard. They use only hand clippers and they are always dull. I think a

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hoe is the sharpest instrument they have used before and they consider the clippers a sort of hoe for the hair and sharpen it accordingly. I sometimes look up when they are hacking away at the top hair and catch a wistful look in the eye of the barber. I'm positive that he is dreaming that he is in some waving field of wheat, away off in the steppes somewhere, swinging his mighty scythe. The way he handles the scissors confirms this; he drags them across the hair in long, free swishes.

Bob and I have joined the ranks of the naked bathers. We both went in swimming the other day at Sparrow Hills, stark, nanny naked. Quite an experience. There were some *bezprizorni* around, so we took turns, one swimming while the other basked in the sun and watched the clothes. We'd forget for a moment while we were sitting around in the sun that we didn't have any suits on, and it was always a bit of a shock to whichever one was sitting on the bank to see the other one calmly emerge from the water, brazen and nonchalant in his nakedness, and walk calmly up the beach in plain view of women about fifty feet away (in the same condition, so it wasn't so bad). The women's dressing room is so arranged that if you are anywhere near it on the beach you can see right in. The side toward the beach is completely open. The men dispense with such false shame as a dressing room and calmly strip anywhere along the bank that they feel most like dropping their clothes. No one takes it amiss that the men sit and gaze at the women; not even the women. D. K.

The cigarette shortage in Moscow is now over, but there are still food and goods shortages. We were trying to buy a pair of white trousers and a Russian shirt this morning and also a pair of sandals. But in all the stores where we went they had signs up saying: "No trousers." "No shoes of any kind." When I would ask them for shirts they would smile gently at me and say that of course there were none. Al says that if we wanted to get any of these white embroidered shirts, we should have bought them in the dead of winter and that if we want any clothes for the dead of winter now is the time to buy. R. K.

I have just finished an enjoyable treat. I ate four double-cheese sandwiches. We have no oven so I make them in a frying pan. I butter the bread and then fry the sandwiches in vegetable grease. I'm glad we thought of buying cheese. It's wonderful stuff. You can't get it in the ordinary stores, but we get it on the correspondent's card. There seems to be a crisis in nearly everything around here now. During the cigarette crisis, when a kiosk would occasionally get a load, a line half a block long would form in almost no time and the little cigarette stock would disappear like proverbial hot cakes. It didn't bother me. I sat back and blew great clouds of foul *mahorka* smoke up into the air. There is a crisis in sugar. There is no candy to be had. There is absolutely no sausage except in the private markets, and there it costs five to seven rubles a kilo, instead of one ruble or one and a half, as it costs in the government stores. This is the hardest blow for us to bear. But we get eggs and butter and cheese on the correspondent's card, and may eat in restaurants whenever we want to, so we get plenty.

I have been going around lately in a pair of dark-brown plus-fours. I think I may safely say that they are the only pair going about the streets of Moscow today, and probably the first pair that the majority of the people have ever seen. At least 90 percent of the people smile and turn around to look at me after I pass. I can't step out of the door without having at least half a dozen bright cracks passed at the expense of me and my baggy trousers. "Sell me the pants, Mister!" "Americanetz!" Why there should be anything funny about calling a fellow an American I can't guess, but judging by the bursts of laughter that greet this unimaginative quip, I should say that the Muscovites consider it the acme of choice and subtle wit. "What's that you're wearing instead of trousers, fellow?" I don't mind the remarks, and it gives the people a lot of fun. Some of the more polite ones try so hard to suppress a smirk that it makes me grin. They take that as a permission to them and they burst out into relieved laughter. D. K.

DAVID AND ROBIN KINKEAD.

Henceforth, from the Mind

Henceforth, from the mind,
For your whole joy, must spring
Such worth as you may find
In any earthly thing,
And every time and place
Will take your thought for grace.

Henceforth, from the tongue,
From shallow speech alone
Comes joy you thought, when young,
Would wring you to the bone,
Would pierce you to the heart
And spoil its stop and start.

Henceforth, from the shell,
Wherein you heard, and wondered
At oceans like a bell
So far from ocean sundered—
A smothered sound that sleeps
Long lost within lost deeps,

Will chime you change and hours,
The shadow of increase,
Will sound you flowers
Born under troubled peace—
Henceforth, henceforth,
Will echo sea and earth.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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Two Chicago Fairs

THE WORLD'S FAIR at Chicago in 1893 had a powerful influence upon American architecture and city planning: it became a model and a goal for aspiration. In the project for another World's Fair at Chicago in 1933 a heavy responsibility lies upon the organizing committee and the architects they have designated to create the buildings. Have the designers enough historic sense to remember the critical blunders of 1891? Have they a sufficiently serious conception of the role they are called upon to play? Can they rise above their immediate interests and their private egos? If I were sure that the answer was yes, I would not bother to ask the questions. Perhaps the best way to understand the ins and outs of the present situation is to recall first what happened in the original Chicago Exposition.

American architecture in the eighties had begun to find itself by facing, with frankness and courage, the demands of everyday life, and seeking to create, in building, the forms expressive of the age. The leader of this renascence was Henry Hobson Richardson. Though he died in 1886, his influence was felt throughout the country: the passage from his broad romanticism to a rational system of modern construction and expression was made by two men who were deeply influenced by him: John Root and Louis Sullivan. The plans for the Fair were scarcely under way before John Root, a talent that had still to be fulfilled, died at the age of forty-three. Louis Sullivan had been exhausted by reason of the tremendous effort occasioned by the designing of the Auditorium Building; and partly through these untimely deaths and lapses, the major work of the exhibition was put into the hands of a group of conservative Eastern architects. One need not go into the results of this choice: it is enough to say that the continuity of American architectural tradition was broken, and instead of advancing solidly toward modern forms, our architects wandered for forty years in the barren wilderness of classicism and eclecticism. It is only during the last few years that our architects have begun to build again from the point that Richardson and Root had reached at their deaths.

The break occasioned by the World's Fair was severe. Perhaps the only thing that kept it from being fatal was the work of a single man, Frank Lloyd Wright, who began as a draughtsman in Sullivan's office, and during the nineties started out on an independent career. Participating in Sullivan's adventurous spirit and clear thought, Mr. Wright added to it that respect for materials and processes which he derived in part from his training as an engineer. He was the first architect to proclaim the inevitability and the importance of the machine in modern design; he was the first to grasp the universal application of our new methods of construction. In the spirit that Root and Sullivan had approached the office building, Wright turned to the design of the house, the church, the hotel, the pleasure garden. With the work of Frank Lloyd Wright modern architecture may properly be said to begin. While Sullivan faltered, stopped, became vague and mystical, lost himself in the labyrinth of his own ornament, Mr. Wright went on. One has only to compare his work with the most advanced work in Europe during the same period to see how far ahead he was of Wagner, Berlage or Perret. For forty years Mr. Wright's work has been a record of continual growth. No architect during the last century, probably no architect since the Renaissance, has perceived so many fresh openings, projected so many possible lines of attack. He was a cubist before Cubism: he opened the dwelling house to sunlight and brought the garden into the interior. He has explored new combinations of material and new methods of construction; and in his varied work in the Middle West, the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and Japan, he has shown that a modern architecture need not consist in a series of dull stereotypes, applied without respect to topography, atmosphere, landscape, historical traditions. Does this imply that Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright is our greatest American architect? It does.

Europe discovered the genius of Mr. Wright as early as 1910, when the first portfolio of his work was published in Germany. Since that time his home has been the shrine for every foreign architect of distinction who has visited this country, from Berlage to May: they have studied his writings; they have been stimulated by his example; they have taken up the clues he has thrown out, and have accepted, through his demonstration, the inevitability of modern forms. Wright's work is both an achievement and a prophecy; and it has been so far in advance of current practice in America that it has been felt here chiefly on its return voyage from Europe. It was only after the Paris exposition of 1925 that the leading architects of New York and Chicago saw the necessity of becoming "modern." By painful efforts they have now come abreast of the work that Wright did in the nineties.

While our leading modern architects have the traditional zeal of the convert, one can hardly forget that less than ten years ago one of them was building a classical temple and another was doing a skyscraper tower with flying buttresses supported by the lantern at the top, and still another was doing loft buildings with lingering traces of the Richardsonian romanesque. At their worst, their modernism is still dreadfully stagey: they have given up decorating the fronts of office buildings with superimposed orders, perhaps, but they have not given up the habit of superposition. At their best, they have, thanks to their engineers and subordinate designers, great technical competence; and a few have begun to express this fully in the design itself.

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The World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 has set out, I believe, to reflect the modern spirit in industry and art and science. If the design of the Fair is taken seriously, if the problems of contemporary life are resolutely faced, if the buildings themselves are looked upon as potential models, and not merely an occasion for going on the loose in a gaudy spectacular manner, the architecture of the Fair may have a beneficial influence upon the development of all the arts in America during the next generation. I am, however, inclined to doubt the seriousness and disinterestedness of those who have undertaken this enterprise. What makes me do so is the fact that the greatest and most original architect America has produced, the leader of the modern movement, has so far been left out of the program. The omission of Frank Lloyd Wright is serious. It is also very funny. As the years go on the joke will seem funnier and funnier. "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark could not be a more comical performance. Perhaps the largest claim that the distinguished architects now in charge of the Fair will have on the attention of posterity will be through this little omission.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Washington Notes

Thwarting the Senate—The Extra Session Again—The Hard-boiled House—Rifts in the Republican Party

SINCE Congress reconvened there has been so much clatter and din in the Senate over so wide a variety of matters that the larger legislative and political facts about the situation have become obscure not only to the general public but to some of our gimlet-eyed political observers here on the spot. At least in their radio and journalistic comments on current affairs they do not seem to recognize these facts. On the contrary, one would judge from their more or less lurid accounts that the facts either did not exist at all or that something or other had happened materially to alter them. It is my opinion that on the legislative side there has been no change from the conditions of the last session. Then there was almost daily a vast uproar and noise in the Senate, and a large variety of measures repugnant to the administration were passed, each in its turn being heralded as a defeat for Hoover. Then the House, operating under the Longworth-Snell-Tilson whip, promptly rejected the Senate proposals and, backed by the White House weight, emerged victorious from the inevitable conference committee.

That happened so often last time that it became almost a matter of routine, very irritating indeed to Senators, but none the less regular. This session is merely a repetition and continuation of that procedure and there is no reason it should not be. There has been but slight change in personnel either in House or Senate. Such new members as have entered either body have not in any way altered the party or factional proportions. Nor has there been any change in the political psychology of Congress. The majority of the Senate is anti-administration; the majority in the House is pro-administration. With the power of the presidency behind it in the conference committee, the House obviously has the advantage, and I can recall no single instance of the past two years when it has yielded.

It has always been the Senate that has surrendered. So far this session the Senate has continued to surrender because there is nothing else to do. Before the Christmas holidays it first revolted violently against the administration relief program, got its "rebuke to the President" headlines and then let Mr. Hoover have what he wanted—or almost what he wanted—in the conference committee. There seems no reason to believe that this procedure will not continue during the rest of this short session, of which, by the time this piece appears, there will be scarcely more than thirty working days left. Furthermore, with the relief program through, neither the House leaders nor Mr. Hoover want anything out of this session except the enactment of the appropriation bills. Between now and March 4, the House and Mr. Hoover have the power to thwart every Senate desire except that for an extra session.

In brief, the situation is this—the House and Hoover can have their way about everything except the appropriation bills, upon the passage of which the extra session depends. That decision is in the hands of the Senate—but it is the only one that is. Realization of these facts sits very badly on the senatorial stomach. Senators intensely dislike the sense of futility engendered by the regularity with which the House, under Longworth-Snell-Tilson control, thwarts Senate wishes. A good many of them long for the time when this situation will be reversed, when the present House machine will be reduced to impotency and when the Senate will resume its dominant position. This reversal will, to a measurable extent, come with the Seventy-second Congress, whether it is convened in extra session or does not meet until the normal time next December.

In the next House the "Prince of Good Fellows" may keep his speakership chair, but his machine will be useless, futile and foolish. It will be unable to function effectively in any direction. With only a paper majority of one and an actual adverse majority against them, the regular Republicans in the House will be completely divested of power and authority. The Senate, through its coalition of Democrats and progressives, will be relatively the more effective body, though there, too, there will be no stability about control and no certainty about the direction. The important fact is that the Republican party in the House will have completely lost its present most irritating power to block Senate action and force that chamber to play second fiddle in the legislative orchestra.

In the next session the two bodies will at least be on a par. That is to say, there will be effective leadership and control in neither. Both will run wild and anything can happen. The one sure thing that can be foreseen in the next Congress is confusion and futility such as we have not had before. Bad as this is, it will suit some of our progressive and Democratic Senators a lot better than the present condition, for now the Senate is regularly neutralized and nullified by a hard-boiled House machine operated by Old Guardsmen of the most orthodox and

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pronounced type. Anything, some of them think, will be better than that.

So much for the legislative facts of the present situation. As to the political facts, it seems to me there has been no real change in them either. The Lucas-Norris incident was sensational and interesting, but now that the smoke has cleared away, it is seen that the line-up has not been altered. The rift in the Republican party is just as wide, but no wider. Nor can I see that the bitterness between the factions has increased.

The political factors which were opposed to the renomination of Mr. Hoover before the covers were pulled off the unfortunate and inept Mr. Lucas are still strongly opposed to him, but their numbers have been neither increased nor decreased by any development since Congress began. Nor is it likely to be changed one way or the other by anything that may happen within the next eighteen months. Despite the low ebb of his administration, despite his unpopularity in the country, despite his failures and mistakes, despite the business depression, unemployment and general discontent, despite all these things and more, the basic political fact of the almost certain renomination of Mr. Hoover remains unchanged. Nothing except his death or a voluntary withdrawal from the field, which though hinted at is hardly conceivable, will prevent it. There is nothing for the Republican party to do except rename him.

Regardless of business recovery, I think he will be a weak candidate, most reluctantly supported by a large number of Republican politicians not only among the progressives, who are bitter towards him, but by regulars forced by party position to go along with him now. Also, he will, I think, be Dry, or at any rate relatively Dry. Under the circumstances, it would seem that the Democratic outlook for 1932 is promising indeed. The main trouble about this prospect is the very great danger that it will be spoiled by the Democrats themselves. They have what amounts to genius for spoiling prospects.

Washington. T. R. B.

Schools for Artists

IN THEATER ARTS MONTHLY for January there is excellent information, of one sort, concerning Mary Wigman, Germany's famous dancer, newly come to us and variously acclaimed.

We learn that Miss Wigman is of Celtic blood, born in Hanover, that as a child she wanted to be a poet and was a mystic, that she went to school in England, studied music and singing at Lausanne and at home, lived for a time in a Jewish quarter in Holland. Later she studied with Dalcroze at Hellerau, got a diploma and went to study the dances of the Orient, with Laban, in his school at Acona, for six years, as a teacher, pupil and co-worker. After the War, in 1919, she danced in Davos, then in Zurich, then in her own Germany. At first she met with sharp criticism, then with increasing fame and applause. She has developed schools in Germany, and has brought her own art to numerous productions on a large scale. Her coming has been awaited in America with glowing hopes, and her houses so far have been packed.

In her dance she laughs, weeps, screams, complains, forgives. . . . She is timeless, raceless, sexless. . . . The tragic will of her body movements becomes more poignant when music is silent. . . . With her dynamically scaled beats on gongs—a knowledge of the last secrets of the dance. . . . There live in her contrary temperaments which she throws before amazed mankind with no means but movements—dawn of the secret of the world. . . . This kind of dance upsets you—the music too—the drum, the gong. Even the silence has something orgiastic. It puts one in that spiritual condition out of which grows the truth "he who knows the strength of the dance, dwells in God." These are only a hint of the things that have been written of Miss Wigman. And there are also many observations, about not curbing expression or becoming repetitious and about "tuning into the group idea, each instrument singing its own separate melody within the limits of the group." You can imagine tomes of such discussion, for this is the kind of stuff about art that can go on forever.

As an honest critic, I must point out that I have never seen Miss Wigman as a part of some large production, in which case, so I am told, she is an artist of tremendous skill and effect. I have seen her only in one recital, and am not likely to see her in another. The recital or concert, as a means of presenting an art, is a poor enough means at best, no doubt. A single dancer, expressing herself, with very little of what Miss Wigman's admirers speak of as "sterile form," carries the concert even further toward the brink of disaster. I could hardly say that Miss Wigman's recital was disastrous that afternoon I saw her at the Chanin. There was, on the contrary, ardent applause and some bravura of calling out to her. What I saw mostly was a woman who seemed to me sincere and strong, impressive as a person, and as a teacher encouraging, and in diverse ways, granted the right pupil, inspiring also. Now and again there were firm and well phrased passages, gestures with their own authority and force. Some of the ideas seemed excellent; the general presentation was truly within the nature of the theater art. The mask was good and clear, the artistic conscience fervent.

The total impression, however, seemed to me vastly monotonous. If I said the ideas seemed often excellent, I am obliged to add that for me they seemed too often the idea without any full amount of creation, complete creation. If you say that I need yet to learn the language of this special kind of dancing, I make no objection, since nothing is clearer than that every kind of art is a language to be learned; but I would say that this particular language seems rather more visceral, urgent and personal than otherwise. I found myself longing for the sense of abstraction and miserably tired of this intimate, insistent, obstinate self-expression, this closeness to the artist's feeling (which is at least what I know I am supposed to think it). I kept thinking how obvious all these subtleties were. I was to take much of it as profoundly analytical, but I found it merely super-subjective and conscious of itself. The artistic conscience, if commendably serious and sincere, was also heavy. The accumulation of effects in a dance number frequently seemed not so impressive as it was turgid.

One of Miss Wigman's critics speaks of her as giving us back the sculpturesque forms of old Greece. Another

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"Wigman insists that to be a great artist one must first be a great human being. She would usher in a new type of genius who does not escape behind his art."

As for the Greek, that is nonsense—a certain Teutonic, doughy, confused and itching conception of the Greek quality, if you like. But an artist cannot be held responsible for the fuddled asservations of an admiring devotee or be charged with the aberrations of his critics. Such remarks as these two—two out of many—might, if they were announced by Miss Wigman herself, serve at least for her pupils. That about being a great human being before you are an artist is good for the young to hear again, it means as much or as little as you make it mean. That about the new type of genius who does not escape behind his art is a suggestive saying, a way of indicating an art that seeks to be immediate and personal, to remove from between itself and its self-expression any wall, shell, frame, mask, or whatever you might call it, of obvious or external or, if you like, formal, technique. Taken seriously, or strictly rather, the remark is nonsense, quite silly nonsense. No artist of any value ever escaped behind his art. And artists, as natures that seek only what is final or essential or general, seek to discover certain forms to embody the essence of their souls. We have always with us, however, people, without taste, without anything beyond a desire to exhibit their little orgasms and hippity-hop raptures and radicalities, who long to tear away all that keeps others from seeing what they have within which passeth show, in all its good, raw immediacy and egotism. But that proves nothing about new genius types.

If these phrases and allusions seem invidious, they do not apply to Miss Wigman; she is at least a sincere figure in the theater. But they do apply to a whole direction in art and art talk: that terrible, sickening jabber and slough of words that arises about art among some people and certain races more than others doubtless, that round and round of theorizing and murky bowels of emotion, which take the place of artistic perception, and by which intention is confused with achievement and general idea with complete and living creation.

Finally, there is one thing that, after Miss Wigman and her commentators, seems to me more certain than ever where art is concerned. It concerns depth and subtlety. It comments on all those vague or consciously aspiring or incompletely expressed instances in art that so many people revel in, revere and stew themselves about. It is this: there is no depth or subtlety in art without the screening form. We might learn that fact from nature. In a natural thing all the mystery and essential permanence lie in its living, separate form, in whose strange remoteness we sense its essence and within whose nearness we strike against the walls of an existence separate from us and discern many vistas of meaning. We look at a tree, a stone, a flower, and perceive them instantly, but they remain forms, subtle and apart, and draw us as another body might draw our own.

II

Whatever Miss Wigman may achieve in creation herself or in a kind of physical illumination of her pupils, it is certain that the new school of acting that Madame Maria Ouspenskaya has opened makes one of the happiest signs in our New York theater. Nobody could forget Madame Ouspenskaya's part in the Moscow Art Theater, when those Chekhov and Gorky performances swept us all away, those performances so generously studied and felt to the last meaning everywhere. However small—to take one of her roles—the governess' part may have been in "The Cherry Orchard," Madame Ouspenskaya forced into it the entire quality of the play, exactly as she did with that single moment of the peasant woman in "The Brothers Karamazov." To add to a full and tender, grotesque, exact and beautiful talent the consciousness of method and the capacity to teach that were implicit in the work of the Moscow theater, is an extraordinary thing.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Copyright Revision

SIR: Will you be good enough to transmit to your readers an appeal for active help on the Vestal Bill for General Copyright Revision, for which all who are affected by copyright must fight for attention and passage in the present session of Congress?

The present copyright law, enacted in 1909, is inadequate and outmoded, and it is only by the passage of the new copyright-revision bill, introduced by the Honorable Albert H. Vestal in the House last spring and now carried over into the final session of this Congress, that a much needed modernization of the copyright law can take place.

The main reforms are:

1. Automatic Copyright: i. e., without formality the author, upon completion of his manuscript, establishes ownership of copyright.

2. Divisible Copyright, permitting the author or other owner of copyright to give clear legal title to the various rights in his work which he may wish to dispose of separately, thus enabling the buyer or lessee of separate rights (such as magazine rights to magazines, book rights to book publishers, motion-picture rights to motion-picture producers) to defend those rights individually without having to take recourse to the author or other owner of copyright in case of infringement suits. The new provision will give clear legal title to every right.

3. International Copyright. American authors, by complying with the provisions of this act, will be able to obtain automatic copyright throughout the world without formality. If the United States fails to join the International Copyright Union by August 1, 1931, authors will have little, if any, protection against piracy of their works abroad, as our provisional copyright agreement terminates at that date.

4. Extension of the Term of Copyright from fifty-six years after publication to the life of the author and fifty years after his death. This is designed to protect authors and their heirs and applies to books already published and now in copyright.

This bill seriously concerns writers as well as publishers. All associations and industries affected by copyright, including the Authors' League, have indorsed it. It must be passed by the House and the Senate in the short session or the work of years will be lost.

It would be a great help if every reader of The New Republic who may conceivably have any interest in intelligent and up-to-date copyright legislation would write immediately to his Congressman (House Office Building), to his Senator (Senate Office Building), and to Honorable Albert H. Vestal (House Office Building), urging attention to, and support of, the Vestal General Copyright Revision Bill. The passage of the bill depends on the extent and quality of the support behind it, and this support must not be delayed.

FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

New York City.

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Why Mayor Mitchel Fell

SIR: Will you permit a question about one sentence in your editorial "Why Tammany Survives" in The New Republic of October 1, which is given renewed circulation by The Reader's Digest?

You say, "It is highly significant that Mayor Mitchel was defeated, when he sought reëlection, chiefly on the ground that he was a personal friend of the Vanderbilts."

Such explanations of why Mayor Mitchel was defeated are more reasons for the survival of Tammany than many that you give, because they mislead voters into forgetfulness of serious mistakes—unnecessary mistakes—made by the Mitchel movement.

The story about the alleged friendship of Mayor Mitchel with the Vanderbilts was confined almost entirely to one paper and its cartoonist and obtained audience because the Mitchel administration was being charged with attempts to give away shore rights worth hundreds of millions to the railroad associated in the public mind with the Vanderbilts.

Mass opposition to the Mitchel administration arose from other issues, including city-wide accelerated aversion to the Gary school plan; city-wide antagonism of one church because of an investigation into city payments of charitable institutions; city-wide dread of wire tapping by officials; city-wide protest among landlords against the fire-prevention bureau, whose conduct was called autocratic, etc.

There are those who believe that none of the grave mistakes would have waxed strong if citizen fact finding had continued under the second four years of the fusion regime as it had operated during the first four years. The month of his election, Mr. Mitchel wrote that he did not believe he could succeed without frank outside criticism. Instead of helping him in the way he himself requested, his friends coddled and flattered ruinous acts until it was too late.

New York City. WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

The Power Trust Fight

SIR: I have been reading The New Republic for a long time and most heartily approve the fight you are making to protect the people against the raid of the electric-power interests. The editorial of Judson King in your issue of December 10 is a big bertha that ought to cause a halt at least temporarily in the march of those wholesale robbers. The two men in this country who had the courage to stand before the public and champion the interests of the people on this issue are Ex-Governor Smith and Governor Roosevelt. Smith's idea is unquestionably correct. The people must control the power itself. Let us not retreat one inch from that position. The man who takes up that cause in 1932 need not present any other argument to the public to win. You can afford to give every bit of space you have to this cause during the next two years. It is the one big issue that the people will not tire of hearing about until there is real security in that field.

J. E. MCCULLOCH,
Executive Secretary, School of Religion,
Nashville, Tenn. Vanderbilt University.

Professor Barnes and War Guilt

SIR: I note in The New Republic of December 24 evidence of historiographical hay fever in Evanston, Illinois. At least one J. D. Hastings presumes to dismiss Harry Elmer Barnes from the war-guilt forum "with a sniff."

Before Mr. Hastings gets all puckered up for this exercise he might consider one or two of the multitude of endorsements of Professor Barnes's work in this field. Dr. George Peabody Gooch is the dean of British historians. He is also the chief authority in the world in commenting on work done in the field of war responsibility. He said of Professor Barnes's "Genesis of the World War" in The Contemporary Review: "No other American scholar has done so much to familiarize his countrymen with the new evidence or to compel them to revise their wartime judgments in the light of this new material." The most competent student of recent diplomatic history in this country is Professor W. L. Langer of Harvard University. He said of the same book: "The case could not have been more successfully presented in the present stage of our historical knowledge." The president-elect of the American Historical Association, Professor Carl Becker, called the book a "marvelously straight, swift, cogent presentation of facts and conclusions."

Mr. Hastings takes the novel view that because Professor Schmitt is a professor in a great university he cannot err. Well, Ferdinand Schevill is a far more distinguished member of the same university. Here is what he said of Professor Barnes's "Genesis of the World War": "It is the first full narrative account by an American studied from the sources. His case must in all its essential features be held as proved."

Worcester, Mass. JOHN B. O'LEARY.

Toward Preventing Unemployment

SIR: Plans are well under way for the Conference on Permanent Preventives of Unemployment, under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches. The conference will be held in Washington, D. C., on January 26 and 27. Prominent among the speakers whose names appear on the program are John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, Senator Robert F. Wagner and George Soule, an editor of The New Republic, who will speak on the problem "Are Business Cycles Avoidable?" The sessions, to be held at the Hamilton Hotel, will be open to the public.

JAMES MYERS,
Industrial Secretary of the Federal Council
of the Churches of Christ in America.
New York City.

Material about Dr. Mary E. Walker

SIR: I am in quest of biographical material concerning that most active, interesting and eccentric woman, Dr. Mary E. Walker, and would like to get in touch with anyone who knew her or with anyone who could and would lend me for a short time letters, clippings or documents relating to her. Will they kindly send them to me at 1306 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha?

Omaha, Nebr. MRS. CHARLES W. M. POYNTER.

Drink and Personal Liberty

SIR: While I belong to no church or other organization that has fostered Dry legislation, I am convinced that the enforcement of the liquor legislation we now have would go further to strengthen the hands of the element that you represent than almost anything I can think of.

I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific twice by automobile during the past six or eight months for the purpose of studying the element that formerly wasted much of the family income at the saloon. I find among the working people more in the way of comforts than they have ever enjoyed. When a strike occurs, the strikers do not commit crimes that were common when many were able to buy liquor.

While the question of personal liberty is important, we must admit that government has for its purpose the definition of rights and license, and that society cannot be protected where certain rights and liberties, so-called, are not limited or restricted. You can scarcely think of legislation which would be beneficial to society at large which would not limit the personal liberty of some class. I fear that if the publications coming from our large cities continue to represent personal liberty rather than protection to society, the aims you represent will never be realized.

Ann Arbor, Mich. CLARENCE T. JOHNSTON.

[We do not oppose prohibition because it is a restriction on personal liberty or any abstract "right," but because it is so far from being enforceable that the damage it does outweighs its benefits. Moreover, we do not admit that national prohibition and drunkenness are alternatives. On the contrary, we consider that at present there is good reason to believe that they go hand in hand.—THE EDITORS.]

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Arabs, North and South

In the Arabian Desert, by Alois Musil. Edited by Katherine McGiffert Wright. New York: Horace Liveright. 339 pages. $5.

Arabian Peak and Desert, by Ameen Rihani. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 280 pages. $5.

FOR THOSE who contend in the interest of fairness that reviewing should be unprejudiced, impartial, personally detached, and for those who naïvely suppose that reviewing ever is completely so, decency seems to require the prefatory statement that this particular review is bound to be colored by certain personal opinions which make it impossible to write with any real impartiality.

Thoreau once said, in substance, that if a man came to his house to cheat him, to rob him, to fight with him or even to kill him, he might conceivably stand his ground and try to defend himself, but that if a man came to his house with the avowed purpose of doing him good, he would flee in terror to the mountains.

This attitude, prudent for the individual, is even more tragically justified, I believe, for all groups—whether jungle savages or Arab Moslems—whose tradition, life and tempo are different from the tradition, life and tempo which go loosely by the name of "civilization" or Western culture. I have known tribes and peoples whose honor, decency and freedom have survived contact with cheating Western traders and machine-gun bullets, but I have never seen a group subjected to the influence of missionaries, schools and our attendant high-pressure mechanical-industrial system which hasn't become corrupt, degenerate and unhappy. I believe this to be as true of the proud-cloaked Moslem desert Arab as it is of the naked South Sea Islander.

I believe this to be inevitable, no matter what respective merits are possessed by the opposed ways of living, because of a time element which those who wish to do good to other peoples fail to consider. Some thousands of years ago, we all once lived as does the savage or the desert Arab now. In a sense, it is a more "natural" way of living. We have developed slowly a way of living which is perhaps, for the sake of argument, superior, but which is, in a sense, "unnatural." We survive being shut up in mills, schools, factories, coal mines, offices, cages in banks, overheated houses, not to mention our bathing too often, observing unnatural sex customs, eating unnatural food and wearing unnatural clothes, because we have become gradually immunized over a tremendously long period. When we try to "do good" by imposing upon a natural group in a short decade or in one brief generation a system to which we have gradually become adapted over a period of many centuries, we poison them just as surely as if we had fed them arsenic. Except that it is worse, because it is a poison which works not only on the body, but on the mind and character as well.

During a year and a half spent in Asia Minor, including a considerable sojourn in Syria, the North Arabian desert and Mesopotamia, it seemed to me that, all political questions aside, the Arab who had "fled to the mountains" in the sense that Thoreau meant, and had taken his Allah and his harem along with him, was in all essential respects a superior human being to the Arab who had begun to absorb the benefits of our civilization—including schools, monogamy and Methodism—whether willingly or because we had crammed them down his throat.

I will admit that among Bedouin Moslems there are thieves and scoundrels. I will even admit that among town Arabs who have been to Christian schools there are occasional honest men. But when it comes to trusting my life, or my pocketbook, or a horse, or a woman whom I happen to care about, to an Arab of whom I have no previous personal knowledge, I will choose the cutthroat polygamist Moslem every time. Furthermore—and here we arrive at a purely personal prejudice—I like the Moslem Arab and I do not like the Christian Arab, whether he be born an honest Maronite, or be a bastard product of missionary schools. Consequently it is impossible that my review of these two books be fair.

Alois Musil, author of "In the Arabian Desert," though born a Czech, and actually a professor in the University of Prague, is remembered today by all the North Arabian tribes as a proper Bedouin, a friend and brother. Of all the Europeans—within living memory of those who sit around the coffee fire—who have gone wandering into the northern desert without official mission or political axe to grind, the best remembered and best beloved is that "Sheikh Musa" who lived and rode and raided with the Rualla over a number of long recurrent periods between 1901 and the beginning of the World War. He was looking for certain castles, paintings, archeological inscriptions, which he found, but he rode in the face of Allah and in the face of his friend old Nuri el Shalan, hereditary sheikh and prince of the most savage, unregenerate and powerful of all the northern tribes.

In 1924, during my own briefer and less important sojourn among the Bedouins, I was in the face of Mithkal Pasha el Fayiz, hereditary sheikh of the Beni Sakhr, and at that period these Rualla were our enemies without blood feud. That is, we had no hatred or desire to massacre each other, but raided each other from time to time to steal camels. The Rualla were the only people we were afraid of, in the sense that when it came to a showdown we would be the ones to run away, because they were just as tough as we were and much more powerful numerically. They were our enemies, but we liked and admired them. Around our coffee fires I heard many tales told with gusto by men of the Beni Sakhr concerning the deeds of prowess and guile of the Rualla; and the greatest epic love story told by the Beni Sakhr is a tale in which a Rualla maiden is the heroine. And the point for mentioning these matters here is that in many of the tales which the Beni Sakhr told of the Rualla, there occurred the name of a certain well remembered "Sheikh Musa," friend and brother of Prince Nuri, who was none other than this Czech professor, Alois Musil, author of this present book, but whom the Bedouins themselves remember simply as one of them—a hard rider, a brave fighter, a brother Bedouin by adoption. They cared nothing, one way or another, that he was seeking archeological data. They tell with admiration of how "Sheikh Musa" with "four other robbers" and no further escort, penetrated to the heart of the Nefud, where neither Nuri nor Mithkal would have dared to go with an escort of less than three hundred horsemen, and of how the five robbers with Sheikh Musa at their head miraculously returned alive. Musa did not go out among them to do them good—which is another reason why they liked him. Such likes and dislikes are usually reciprocal. This present book, "In the Arabian Desert," reveals that Musa liked the Rualla just as much as they did him. It is the close-up tale of the intimate living and wandering of a Prague professor who was a real "blood brother" by adoption in the most savage and interesting Bedouin tribe in the whole of North Arabia. It

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gives, in my opinion, the finest and truest intimate picture of that life which has been written in any language for many a long day and year. It tells incidentally of important archeological discoveries, but the tale itself, intrinsically, is one of high adventure among the tribes.

In the case of "Arabian Peak and Desert," by Ameen Rihani, we come to matter diametrically opposite in purpose, in point of view and, above all, in personal psychology. Incidentally, there is a wide geographical difference also, since Sheikh Musa's locale is northern and north-central Arabia, while that of Mr. Rihani is Yemen, the "sacred peninsula guarded by flaming seas," the most difficult, dangerous and still mysterious part of Arabia, into which comparatively few Europeans have ever penetrated. Mr. Rihani, author of other very important books on southern Arabia—and this present book is important, too—is himself an Arab in the sense that he is a Maronite, that is, a Christian of the Syrian Lebanon. In addition to being an Arab in this sense, he is very much an American, a more than competent New York journalist, a man active in politics where they touch Arabia, and a man who, or at least so it seems to me from his writings, while of Arab blood, believes Western Christian civilization and what goes by the name of Western culture, superior to the Moslem civilization and culture of the Arabs. I believe that in this sense he is an apostle of the West.

Now Mr. Rihani went into the Yemen, into the kingdom and capital of the Imman of the Zaidis, fanatical Moslems bent on preserving their life and traditions from too much contact with the outside world—with the avowed intention of doing them good. That is, he went in, on a self-appointed mission, to try to persuade the Imman to negotiate a treaty with Mr. Rihani's friend, ex-King Husein of the Hedjaz, who is to some extent a pet of the English, and incidentally to persuade the Imman that it would be to his advantage and that of his people to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the English, to let them come in with their schools, commerce, etc.

Just why a Christian Syrian should have undertaken this self-appointed political-cultural apostolic mission among fanatical Arab Moslems is a question not clear until one reads fully into the book. But one is eventually convinced of the truth that his motives were completely honest and disinterested; that he went in to try to do them good. But as is frequently the case with people on self-appointed missions to do good to others, Mr. Rihani was mistrusted by all three parties—apparently not even his friend Husein trusted him fully—and found himself hampered even further by the almost impersonal but profound contempt with which the Arab Moslem regards the native Christian. And there is nothing in this interesting book more interesting, or more creditable to Mr. Rihani's honesty, than that he tells with complete frankness of the mistrust and the contempt which hampered his efforts. Despite my somewhat violent prejudice against people who self-appointedly try to do good to others, and my preference for Moslems, both of which are bound to make me unfair in the present case, I have considerable admiration for Mr. Rihani as a writer. In addition, I think, to being the ablest serious journalist of the Syrian-American group, he is an authentic poet and something of a philosopher. Aside, then, from the interesting tale of his honest yet to me dubious mission, he has presented in this book a brilliant, keen, colorful picture of the Imman and his court, of his people, and of San'a his capital, city of legend, metropolis of Yemen the Happy.

I sincerely recommend, to anyone who is interested enough in Arabian matters to buy and read either of these books, that he buy and read them both. For, putting aside prejudice and personal points of view, they are written by men who have something to say and who know what they are writing about.

WILLIAM B. SEABROOK.

The Legalism of Law

Law and the Modern Mind, by Jerome Frank. New York: Brentano's. 362 pages. $4.

A PRETTY story depicts the depths of judicial distress. The conscientious judge recounted the circumstances of a bothersome case to a brother of the ermine and remarked, "Justice was clear enough; but the law is the law, and alas! there was nothing I could do for her. Poor widow!" His more astute colleague dryly replied, "A matter like that does demand a bit of ingenuity." The ordinary judge not infrequently recites "the law, the law!" and the able jurist on occasion exclaims, "alas, alas!" Now comes Jerome Frank to tell of the part of compulsion and of maneuver in the law, and to explain how courts cry—and escape crying—"Poor widow!"

In a fresh, original and alluring book, the author contrasts appearance and reality in law. The decorous process of judgment has the form of Euclid and seems to possess a like verity. There exists a "complete, coherent and symmetrical body" of rules of an amplitude and precision sufficient to impose the proper legal mark upon any combination of circumstances. A case is decided by beginning with the right principle as the major premise, adding a minor distilled from the proven facts, marching an insulated train of reasoning forward to its result and setting down the inevitable conclusion. The office of judge rises above discretion; his it is to discover, to declare and to apply the established law.

But geometrical demonstration is of form and not of substance. The law of abstract thought is "in the skies, above human experience, valueless to wayfaring man." A case, if it is of significance, involves a medley of intended—and unintended—conduct; the law on the subject is a voluminous—and far-flung—corpus; he is a sorry attorney who cannot contrive half a dozen questions. The judge decides between issues and chooses his principle. "The major premise makes a pompous figure in the battle, but victory depends upon the little minor of circumstance." The arbiter writes, "it follows," and to make it certain adds, "as of course," when the doubtful consequence is but one of a number. With faith or by art, as best he can, he drives a series of "therefores" through a tangle of human behavior. In the end he wins his way amid a mass of incommensurables to an answer which will do. In all of it he weighs, he judges, he exercises discretion; his is a most un-Aristotelian logic.

It is not strange that it should be so, for human nature and the universe are like that. The law gets its problems from life; the variety in personal conduct is exhaustless; the progress of culture brings new relationships and the need for new accommodations; among institutions of control the courts are a last resort. The gentlemen of the bench are no jural automata; not one of them is able to keep the law in an isolated compartment of mind. They are disposed, even the most pedestrian of them, to look behind forms and to take account of the important values which experience enables them to see. They are prone,

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even the most sophisticated of them, to fall back upon formulas where experience and imagination fail. The technique which they employ is beset with hazards, for verbal currency always passes uncertainly and law is the wordiest of subjects. The expert logomachist, by a skillful interpretation, makes the abstract term comprehend the right particular—and contrives his result; the bungler at the trade allows words to drive him into positions he does not choose to occupy. At the heart of the judicial process lies choice, and a very human sort of choice. Law is peradventure all dressed up in the clothes of consequently.

As a result law is alike rigid and flexible. The literal-minded judge disposes of questions which he does not in the least understand by a glib recitation of rules and precedents; verbalisms escape the circumstances which call them into being and make their way through series of unlike cases. The intelligent jurist decides questions on their merits, and "seldom has difficulty" in discovering rules and precedents that justify his conclusion; principles are gradually accommodated to the changing conditions which provoke recourse to the courts. The law must have its measure of certainty, or human ventures will carry an unnecessary risk; it must be receptive to novelty, or present need will be sacrificed to outworn form. The essential task of the jurist is not "application" but "amendment." The law-in-the-making is the handiwork of many artisans, of unlike minds, of different skills. The august corpus is, and must continue to be, an unevenly wrought compromise between usage and necessity.

Thus the author, in an engaging way and with great gusto, takes from the law its mystery. He is a lawyer by trade, yet in point of view a cultural anthropologist, who is interested in the phenomena of litigation, has delved into the annals of the courts and has undertaken to set forth the how and the why of judicial behavior. He has read not only studies in the law, but also books concerned with the manner of thing it is. He has turned it all over in his mind, impressed it with his own way of thought and converted it into stimulating—and provoking—pages. There is no attempt to evade difficult questions, and no writing down; yet the book can be read with ease and delight by the layman. It abounds in neat sentences, in apt quotations, in well turned phrases; the members of the bar who read it with irritation will probably damn it as "a work of literature."

As a challenge the book will provoke dissent. The reviewer, as evidence of their character, must note in passing sample exceptions. Our highest tribunal has not been "wittily called 'the court of last conjecture' "; the phrase, a creation of the present Chief Justice, is "the court of final conjecture and ultimate error." In the case of Black and White v. Yellow and Brown, the Supreme Court did not say that a contract granting to a taxicab company exclusive facilities at a railway station was legal; it merely said that the lower federal court was not compelled to declare such a contract illegal. The author ought not to make the law more certain than it is. It is a bit too much like verity for Mr. Frank to insist that law wears the semblance of certainty because adults demand an infallible authority as a substitute for a discredited all-wise father. What part the Oedipus complex has in the matter the reviewer cannot say; and he rather suspects that the psychologists are not competent to answer. It is by no means certain that the intellectual heritage of law—the conceptual attack, the deductive method of theology, the fashion of thinking of truth as an articulation of symmetrical propositions—does not share the responsibility. In any event, in a zestful adventure like this, where inquiry thrives upon uncertainty, the issue ought to be left open.

There will, among readers, be no uniform appraisal of the book. It will affect members of the legal guild in various ways. The author will be denounced as a stupid person who has allowed passing judicial errors to blind him to the great fundamentals of the law; he will be praised as a keen thinker who has probed shrewdly into the mystery of the intellectual process by which in its application the law is remade; he will be reproved as a naughty boy who has given the show away to laymen who did not even suspect a secret. The book will amuse or provoke the general reader as he thinks of the argument as concerning law alone or brings it home to his own affairs. All that is said fits business policy, the ways of the church, the doings of a faculty or the conduct of a personal life as neatly as the course of judicial decision. The courts keep records; judges set down their good reasons in opinions; it is easy enough to discover their logical shortcoming. But if bankers, or editors, or doctors, or baseball players, or debutantes had to parallel all their doing with an argumentative parade, the behavior of judges would cease to look peculiar. A rift between appearance and reality is no exclusive property of the judicial process; legalism is not confined to law. It is this which gives an added appropriateness to the title, "Law and the Modern Mind."

It is a suggestive, stimulating and irritating volume. It will appeal most to those who need it least. It will be read, without any reviewer's word, by the unorthodox, by persons without the congregation, by people who already know that the universe is too complicated to be captured and imprisoned within a formula. It is to be urged upon all Baptists, prohibitionists, psychoanalysts, anti-prohibitionists and folk of that sort. It ought to be prescribed for all the ists, who profess the isms, who take their stand upon dogma, who know the true way to salvation. Long ago it was written that it is the letter which kills. If we cannot still, we may expect in time to quiet, the common cry of "Poor widow!" WALTON H. HAMILTON.

A Philosophy of Science

Identity and Reality, by Emile Meyerson. Translated by Kate Loewenberg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 495 pages. $5.

EMILE MEYERSON is one of a number of important European philosophers who are practically unknown in America. He is perhaps the most profound student of the history and philosophy of science in France. Like Brunschvicg, Maritain and Lévy-Bruhl, he represents part of the general reaction in contemporary French philosophy against the anti-intellectualism of Bergson. He stands for the disinterested study of scientific concepts and for a rationalistic philosophy of science.

In "Identity and Reality" M. Meyerson is not concerned with the actual experimental results of science. He deals with those underlying processes of thought by means of which the basic concepts of science have been established. Therefore, although certain minor sections of the book are obsolete as a result of the progress of experimental research, the theory of knowledge that he advances still retains its importance for contemporary scientific thought.

M. Meyerson sets out to discover the basic principles of scientific reasoning. He disentangles the permanent elements in scientific thought from the purely expedient ones

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by comparing and contrasting scientific theories with ancient and modern systems of philosophy. The result is a detailed analysis of the actual methods used by scientists in formulating their hypotheses. The investigation is entirely empirical; no previous presuppositions are permitted to enter into the course of the inquiry.

From this erudite research (into the histories of atomism, mechanism, the principle of inertia, the conservation of matter and energy, etc.) M. Meyerson discovers two fundamental principles of scientific procedure: the principle of "lawfulness" *(légalité)*, and the principle of "identity." By "lawfulness" he means the universal tendency of nature to conform to law. In his terminology it also signifies that objects do not change when moved about in space. This principle, however, cannot be applied to objects in time, since temporality is synonymous with variety and change. But the human reason demands the permanence and identity of things amidst the flux of temporal change. At this point the second principle—that of "identity"—is applied to time; it asserts that objects remain permanent and self-identical even in time. Thus, the human reason resolves the paradox between its desire for permanence and the flux which actually exists in nature. This is the thesis of M. Meyerson's book.

There are several vulnerable spots in the logic of M. Meyerson's exposition. First, there is his conception of rationality as pure undifferentiated identity, instead of the more common belief that rationality consists in the discovery of a unity of principle in the diversity of things. Next, there is the failure to realize that although he does burrow under change and variety to the permanence and self-identity of things, he is successful only because of an *a priori* application of the principle of identity. He finds his desired unity of being in nature because he begins with identities.

Science shows a constant conflict between the tendency of reason to insist upon identity in things and the counter-tendency of the senses to accept the reality of change. "Scientific causality" emphasizes identity; "lawfulness" emphasizes diversity! Each principle cannot be used without the support of the other. Moreover, neither principle can be subsumed under the other. By forcing nature into a single mold—the concept of the persistence of the identical—the scientist has won uniformity at the expense of rationality. Thus, each new advance of science has been accompanied by an ever increasing irrationality.

M. Meyerson's conceptual attitude does not fit the present situation in science. He is an intellectualist. To him the aim of science is the discovery of rationality in nature. He believes that nature is accessible to the speculative intellect of the scientist. But the history of science (as he has himself demonstrated) reveals that the constant efforts of scientists to show nature as rational and amenable to scientific law have all ended in failure. A good part of nature remains unamenable to scientific law—in a word, has remained irrational. Despite all the pragmatic successes of science, nature has been found to be only partly in accord with reason. It is only when the scientist has forced nature into identities that it assumes a rational aspect. Every new advance in experimental knowledge, however, annihilates the rational identities and brings to the surface the underlying irrationalities.

Until there is a synthesis of quanta, relativity and quantum mechanics into one gigantic physical formula, scientists must substitute *convenience* for rationality and *simplicity* for reality. Science cannot set up rationality or reality as its goal. The one ends in concepts that are apparently unintelligible to the human mind (as in some of the more recent atomic theories). The other can only lead to an awareness that every rational explanation, while increasing our stock of knowledge, also profoundly increases the irrational area of our conceptual scheme of things.

HYMAN ROSEN.

Paying Through the Nose

Financing the Consumer, by Evans Clark. New York: Harper and Brothers. 358 pages. $3.50.

Prosperity and Consumer Credit, by Julian Goldman. New York: Harper and Brothers. 191 pages. $3.

IN THE first of these books, the director of the Twentieth Century Fund digests and interprets the data obtained by its study of American agencies of mass finance, including the personal-finance companies, industrial banks, credit unions, pawnbrokers and instalment companies. Mr. Clark has provided a well organized and richly documented reconnaissance study of a neglected field, whose importance is best indicated by a few of his tentative statistical estimates: the propertyless masses of the United States are now getting about $6,500,000,000 worth of credit a year—$4,000,000,000 through the instalment companies and $2,500,000,000 through the small-loan agencies. Fourteen million Americans borrow every year from the latter, and everybody buys on the instalment plan—at least Mr. Clark remarks at one point that it would probably be difficult to find an American adult who had not at some time paid so much down and so much a week or a month for something.

Not so difficult. The writer can claim that distinction. And on the evidence of Mr. Clark's figures, he will strive earnestly to retain it, since this form of credit costs an average of 24 percent. The New York Morris Plan Bank, which charges 17.3 percent, is obviously a better bet—if one can get a couple of one's more prosperous friends to sign one's note; the credit unions which charge 6 to 8 percent are still better. But the majority of proletarian borrowers pay much more: 28.9 percent of this business is still in the hands of the unlicensed lenders, including the sharks who charge 240 to 1,000 percent; 23.2 percent is handled by the pawnbrokers—"remedial" and otherwise—who charge 12 to 120 percent; 19.3 percent is in the hands of the personal-finance companies (chattel loans), which charge 30 to 42 percent.

Who borrows at such rates? Unskilled and skilled workers, clerks, salesmen—mostly people who earn less than $40 a week. Why do they borrow? Because they must, to pay rent or taxes, buy coal and food, pay doctors' bills—meet survival emergencies the alternative to which is jumping off the dock. A manufacturer or a banker who wants money with which to make more money can get thousands or millions at 6 percent or less. A worker who has to have $50 or $100 or go under must pay through the nose at rates which rise directly in proportion to his need and his ignorance.

Yet this small-loan business is safe, sound and profitable. During a period when half the corporations in America were operating at a deficit, these companies have expanded at a giddy rate, paying 10, 15 and 20 percent on their invested capital. The proletariat is honest, you see, either by nature or because it has to be. Heaven knows the poor fish need credit—Mr. Clark estimates that the legitimate small-loan needs of the American people are $3,500,-

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000,000 a year—a billion more than they are now getting. They would use much more than this if they could get it, of course. The small-loan department of the National City Bank in New York lent $22,000,000 during its first year of operation, apparently without robbing its competitors.

Having assembled this mountain of paradoxes, Mr. Clark contemplates it realistically. He counsels against the passage of state laws limiting interest rates, since the effect of such laws is to put the legitimate companies out of business and hurl the small borrower into the maw of the salary-buying shark. He urges the expansion of the credit-union movement, which appears to be growing steadily, but now loans only $62,500,000 or 3.5 percent of the annual total. Both recommendations appear to be sound, especially the latter. It is worth remembering in this connection that both credit unions and consumers' coöperatives achieved a high development in Russia before the revolution, and are now functioning parts of the Soviet economy.

At several points Mr. Clark calls attention to the abuses of instalment selling, especially the concealment of interest charges, although other agencies of mass finance are almost equally open to criticism on this score. Mr. Goldman, who has built a successful chain of retail stores on the principle of instalment credit, is more enthusiastic, and his book can scarcely be considered an objective document. It is useful, however, for its detailed description of the operation of instalment selling in the chain-store field.

JAMES RORTY.

Bluegrass Lancelots

The Limestone Tree, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AFTER a brief and sorry skirmish last winter with the morals prevalent in ginny country clubs, from which he emerged artistically rather the worse for wear, Mr. Hergesheimer has resumed the cultivation of a more congenial garden plot—the era of chivalry, such as it was and wherever it existed, in American life two and three generations ago. The bluegrass region of Kentucky, rich and fallow, lay ready and waiting for his sympathetic hand; the pioneer breed which carved order and a moral code out of a wilderness a century ago, building, at terrific hardship and expenditure of energy, the foundations of a sectional culture that was to be blasted finally and forever by industrialism and the most recent war, is almost a perfect soil for the hardy Hergesheimer perennials, the "men cold and implacable as steel and pure women," whom he had already made to flourish in other places.

"The Limestone Tree" is, I believe, the most satisfactory and distinguished book Mr. Hergesheimer has produced in a long time. There is nothing cheap about it, nothing commonplace; it has dignity and spaciousness of conception and deep sincerity of feeling, and through it there runs, like a quiet, slow-moving stream, a sense of the continuity of human experience, the endlessly repetitive patterns of life which mankind must trace in helplessness, and cannot hope to alter. The familiar antique personages of "Balisand" and "Java Head" have been moved over bag and baggage into Kentucky; it is a pleasure to find them again, not much modified or changed, eternally fighting duels and committing murders, making love and war in a high-minded manner, making all the gestures which their extravagant code demands.

In 1776 Gabriel Sash, the Long Hunter, comes out of the forest to the frontier settlement of Harrodstown, where he meets Nancy Abel, marries her, begets a son named James, and vanishes back into the wilderness to which he belongs. From this union springs a disciplined, unreasoning stock; slowly it succeeds in erecting a state and a culture; incessantly it changes, and yet remains the same. Mr. Hergesheimer traces its fortunes down to 1890; he leaves it still undaunted, still undefeated by pestilential emotions and the Civil War. Gabriel Sash the second, grandson of the Long Hunter, and now a querulous old man, is handing over the oriflamme of tradition to a boy who will, inevitably, do as the Long Hunter did. The backwoods of Kentucky have become Paris, France; Nancy Abel is now Susan Abel. One pattern is complete; another is about to begin.

Mr. Hergesheimer does not worry himself with analysis of motives or exploration into the complexities of emotion; the obscure wellsprings of behavior are not for him. His people are simple souls who fall back on a set of arbitrary principles whenever things get too complicated. They are never free agents; they are compelled to act in accordance with a code which permits certain kinds of murder but no kind of tolerance. The Sash-Abel clan, with its women like camellias and its impossibly named men, rooted in honor and loyalty and pride, is the embodiment of the romantic tradition, *genus Kentuckianum.* There is, certainly, a good deal that is admirable in the tradition: there is also a good deal that is absurd, and one finds oneself wondering if high-mindedness and wisdom are quite so incompatible as the evidence here would suggest. There was never, at least up to 1890, a Sash or an Abel with brains, and the occasions in their history were not infrequent when a show of intelligence, or even a sense of humor, would have come in very handy indeed.

HOWARD COXE.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. *New York: The Viking Press. 388 pages. $3.50.*

In these straightforward memoirs the historian of the Russian revolution will find material for the reconstruction of a governing group whose vacillation, lack of foresight and complete ignorance of Russia's political and economic development were largely responsible for the downfall of the monarchy. The story, rich in dramatic episodes, is overshadowed by a presentiment of the approaching storm. The Grand Duchess Marie, who had chafed at the narrowness and artificiality of her existence, received the "education" she had vaguely longed for in the hard school of war and revolution. Her critical and often shrewd observations on the policy of the imperial family, from which she became estranged after the death of Rasputin, serve to clarify the motives that led the Empress to exert an ill fated influence on affairs of state.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN AMERICAN LIFE, by Wilson Gee. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 217 pages. $2.*

This little volume of The World Today Bookshelf, published under the editorship of Charles A. Beard, starts with the proposition that we must help country life hold its own because "the city environment can never foster independence of action, conservatism, democracy of attitude, thrift and frugality, religiosity and the strength and purity of family life as does the country." It briefly traces the history of agriculture from self-sufficiency to

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commercialism, outlines the farmer's economic difficulties and his social and political problems, sketches the coöperative movement and the more prominent proposals for farm relief, and speculates on the future of agriculture. The author presents a consensus of the opinion among those professionally engaged on the farm question which is neither closely knit nor radical. He sees little opportunity for corporation farming; he clings to no particular remedy; and he presents no integrated program.

Fiction

THE DEEPENING STREAM, by Dorothy Canfield. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.*

Sanity and intelligent idealism animate this narrative of a rather commonplace woman whose life, as it attains to greater selflessness and fusion with the lives of her husband and children, grows constantly richer and more full of meaning. It is one of the most satisfactory of recent American novels—despite the fact that it might easily have been made shorter.

A Correction

"Dynamite," by Louis Adamic, will be published by The Viking Press, and not by Knopf as was stated on page 227 of the January 7 issue of The New Republic.

Contributors

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is editor of The Smith County News, which he publishes in Marion, Virginia. At present he is making a study of machinery and its effect upon life in American towns.

"H. D.," poet and critic, is the wife of Richard Aldington. She is living in Territet on Lake Geneva.

LOUISE BOGAN, the author of "Dark Summer," was the 1930 winner of the John Reed Memorial Prize offered each year by Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

LEWIS MUMFORD is at present working on a new biography.

WILLIAM B. SEABROOK returned from Africa last month. His book "Jungle Ways," which discusses African sorcery, magic, cannibalism and sex customs, is to be published this spring by Harcourt, Brace.

WALTON H. HAMILTON is Southmayd Professor of Law in the School of Law at Yale University.

HYMAN ROSEN is a mathematical physicist and an occasional contributor to scientific journals.

JAMES RORTY, the author of a book of verse, "Children of the Sun," is a free-lance contributor to various magazines.

HOWARD COXE, author of "Passage to the Sky," has just completed a new novel, "The Wounded."

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